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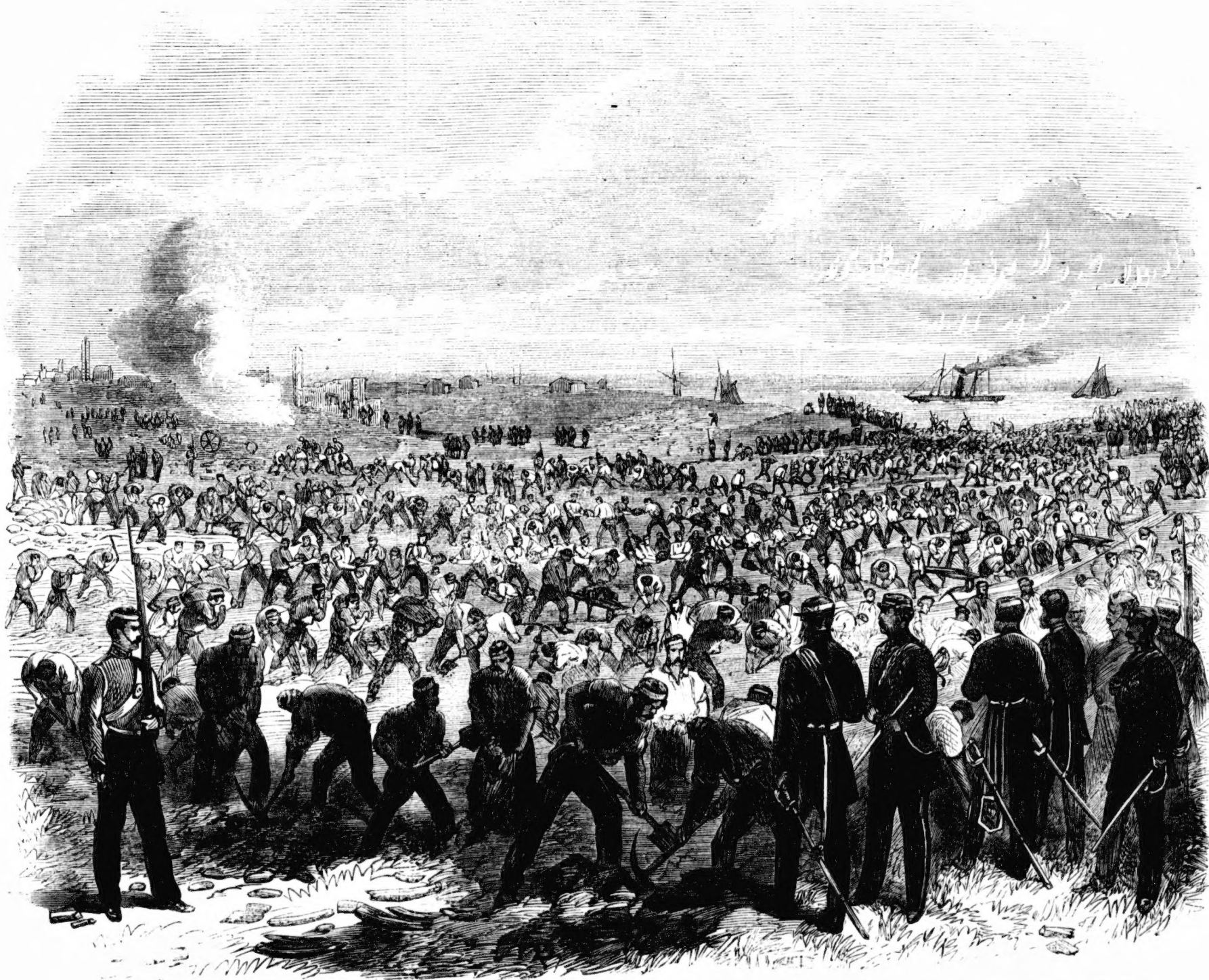
TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE "question" of the day is now, more than ever, that of Italy. The "question" will be put very strongly, and from many different points of view, as soon as the Italian Chambers meet; and in the meanwhile every political party in Europe is pronouncing some sort of opinion as to what the Franco-Italian Convention really means. The extreme party in Italy, and also a large proportion of the moderate party who have long ceased to believe in French promises, will not be persuaded that the French troops are about to leave Rome in two years, or within any other recognisable limit. The Convention is generally approved of by those newspapers in England and France that wish well to the cause of Italian unity; and it is taken for granted by the majority of these organs that in moving to Florence the Italian Government is only taking a step towards Rome. Meetings at Milan and Naples have made declarations to the same effect. But whereas in an English journal discussing Italian affairs the

expression of an opinion amounts to that, and nothing more, a resolution adopted and proclaimed by a public assembly in an Italian city has a much wider signification, and expresses not merely an opinion, but also, and above all, a hope. That is to say, when the people of Milan and Naples say that they are satisfied with the Franco-Italian Convention, and consider that it will lead to Rome's being obtained as the Italian capital, they mean that they only accept the Convention on the understanding that this will be its natural consequence. In England, we hope for this result, but do not bargain for it.

"What are England's views as to Italy?" is a question which many Italians must put to themselves just now. The English Cabinet can have no views in reference to Italy, except that, if Italy must be influenced by one of the two foreign Governments that have so long pressed upon her, it would as soon see her pressed upon by Austria as by France. The English nation desires, most undoubtedly, that Italy

should be free and independent; but Italy, as well as Poland and Hungary, have problems before them which they must be left to solve in the main for themselves. Every Italian, every Pole, every Dane, every Hungarian (to say nothing of Servians, Roumanians, and even Montenegrins), believe that the preservation of European civilisation depends upon the salvation of *his* particular nation or race. We believe also that the liberty of Europe depends upon the extent to which the despotism of Austria, Russia, and Prussia (we need scarcely speak of Turkey) can be kept in check but the great battle between liberty and despotism was fought in England by the English, and it will have to be decided in every country by the sufferers themselves in contest with their oppressors. If England is bound by her high position to take an active part on behalf of unfortunate nations aspiring towards freedom in one quarter of Europe, she is equally bound to do so in three or four more quarters; and we should then have to keep up a perpetual army of crusaders—with the



THE EXPLOSION OF THE POWDER MAGAZINES NEAR ERITH: SAPPERS AND MINERS AND ARTILLERYMEN REPAIRING THE BREACH IN THE RIVER EMBANKMENT.
SEE PAGE 236.

certainly, moreover, that we should be defeated in the end. It is deeply to be lamented that hitherto Italians, Hungarians, and Poles have never known how to work together. Indeed, in the Austrian army, Italians and Hungarians (officers as well as men) are always ready to fight against Poles, Hungarians and Poles against Italians, Poles and Italians against Hungarians. On the other hand, the Prussian, Austrian, and Russian Governments are always of one accord when they have anything really serious to contend against. The French have helped the Italians for the sake of Nice and Savoy, and may help them again for the sake of the island of Sardinia. The Austrians, if they had not already produced too bad an impression to make their offer acceptable, would have assisted them some years ago on condition of retaining a portion of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom; but no one expects France, and far less Austria, to endeavour to raise up a really independent Italy, of no matter what dimensions. Austria, it has been said, acts upon Italy as a narcotic, France as a stimulant; and from the influence of one or the other of these Powers Italy has, in modern times, never been free. England undoubtedly desires that Italy should enjoy thorough liberty—a result as much in accordance with the interests as with the sympathies of this country. But England can do nothing toward that end, except by letting it be clearly understood from the first that she will not give the least assistance to Italy's enemies; and by announcing this resolution in positive terms she might acquire the right of stipulating for fair conditions on the part of Italy's professed friends.

The Italian question has killed the Danish question as the Danish question killed the Polish question. The Danes, however, still continue to be subjected to the most cruel exactions in Jutland—a province which, in the first instance, was not supposed to be in any manner implicated in the quarrel. Mouravieff, too, continues to execute Poles from time to time in Lithuania—probably in order to make good his favourite theory that Lithuania is not a Polish but a true Russian country. However, whereas the Danish question is not yet settled, the Polish question may be regarded as disposed of altogether for many years to come. The semi-official journal of Moscow states, in an article that has been quoted in most of the English papers, that Russia does not consider herself bound in any way by the Treaties of Vienna, and that she will henceforth govern Poland as she may think fit. But, as Polish schools for the peasants have been established in the "kingdom" (a measure, by-the-way, against which this Moscow journal protests), it may be expected that the peasants of the next generation will acquire something of the same feeling of patriotism which now animates so strongly the townspeople, and the more or less educated classes generally, in Poland. Germany, with its superior civilisation, may easily absorb a few hundred thousand Danes; but Russia cannot maintain the Poles in constant subjection except by the sword, which, when it is the only thing a Government has to lean upon, has often proved a very brittle supporter.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Paris journals are all engaged in discussing the tendency and bearing of the despatch of M. Drouyn de Lhuys to M. de Sartiges, and are all but unanimous in considering it the death warrant of the temporal power of the Pope. The *Debat* concludes an elaborate review of the despatch by expressing its adhesion to the opinion of its contemporaries. The *Sicile*, referring to the despatch, inquires what will happen if the Pope refuses the reconciliation now proposed, and if the Roman people spontaneously transfer themselves to Italy. It is not probable, that journal thinks, that France could impose upon the revolted Romans a Government she has condemned by withdrawing her support from it. The Convention has been officially transmitted to the Austrian Government.

ITALY.

The Italian Cabinet is now definitely formed, and seems to give satisfaction to the people. Baron Ricasoli is said to have lent his cordial assistance to the formation of the Cabinet, and some of the journals declare that it will have the support of the great majority of the nation. A programme of policy has been issued by the new Government, and is to the following effect:—

The Ministry accepts the Convention stipulated with France, and, at the same time, the condition of the transfer of the capital to another locality. It will submit a bill on this subject to Parliament, and will also propose gradual measures of a nature to lighten the loss which will be sustained by Turin, without postponing the period fixed by the Convention for the evacuation of Pontifical territory by the French troops. The Ministry further expresses confidence in the patriotic devotion of the city of Turin and the other Italian populations.

The following has been published as the text of a secret article in the Franco-Italian Convention:—

Secret Article.—As a condition of the present Convention the Government of his Majesty the King of Italy binds itself to transfer definitively the seat of the Government and its central administration to Florence within the term of six months. It is agreed and understood that the period of two years fixed for the evacuation of the Papal territory will commence from the day in which the Royal decree which establishes the transfer of the capital to Florence shall have begun to receive its execution.

The Roman Patriotic Committee has issued an address announcing that the Convention is well received by the Roman population, who regard it as an application of the principle of nonintervention to the Papal capital. On the other hand, the municipalities of several Piedmontese towns have voted addresses expressive of sympathy with the municipality of Turin. Milan and some other cities are stated to have received Royal thanks for the attitude which they maintained during the excitement. At the Naples meeting the statement that Austria would protest against the Convention was received with enthusiastic applause.

A popular demonstration took place in Rome on the evening of the 29th. The occasion was rather "significant"—it was on the sounding of the retreat by the French hussars. A great crowd of people assembled, and cries were raised which are officially described as "seditious." Prompt and numerous arrests, however, restored order in the usual manner. The persons arrested have since been set at liberty.

The Pope has ordered public prayers and daily processions in view of the gravity of the present state of things.

HUNGARY.

Advices from Pesth state that the Franco-Italian Convention of the 15th ult. caused great satisfaction in that city. The Hungarians, who are still anxious for the autonomy of their country, think that in presence of the treaty, with which they rightly or wrongly attach the Venetian question, the Austrian Government will be more disposed to make concessions to them,

It is even said that the Archduke Stephen, who recently visited the Empress of the French at Schwalbach, will be recalled from exile and raised to the dignity of Palatine of Hungary.

DENMARK AND GERMANY.

The boundary question which is at issue between Denmark and the great German Powers still remains unsettled. It refers, of course, to the line of demarcation proposed to be drawn between Schleswig and Jutland. The principal point of dispute is the small town of Christiansfeld, in Schleswig, which is claimed by Denmark.

PERU.

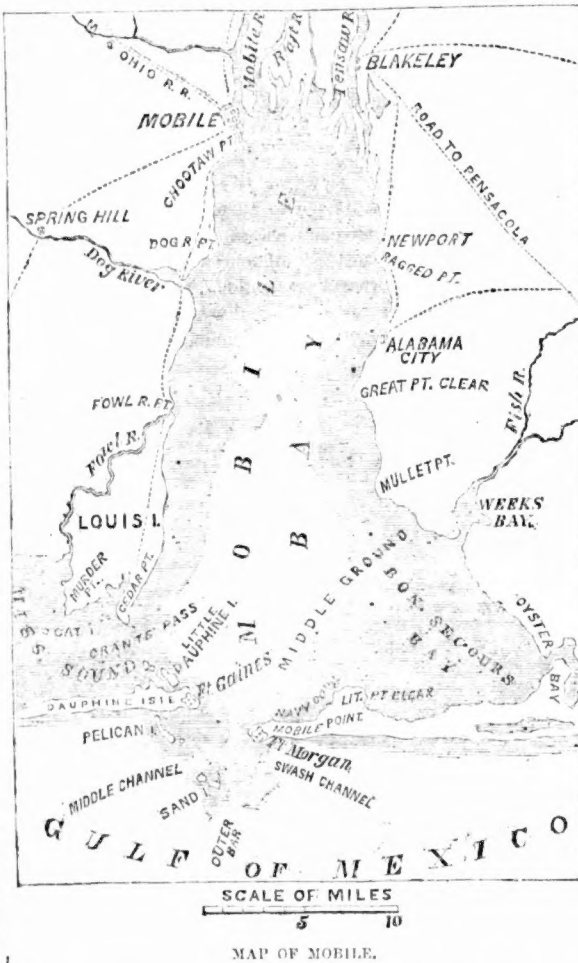
According to advices received at Madrid from Lima, much discontent was manifested in Peru on account of the stagnation in trade, through the dispute with Spain, and a proposal had been made in the Chamber to treat Spain amicably.

CHINA AND JAPAN.

Advices from Japan by the French mail state that two English vessels had been fired into by a battery belonging to Prince Chosien. Cholera was prevalent at Shanghai.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

OUR intelligence from New York is to the evening of the 23rd ult. After the battle near Winchester, on the 19th, Sheridan pursued Early beyond Strasburg, and again attacked him at Fisher's Hill. Sheridan's report states that the right of the Confederate army rested on the north fork of the Shenandoah, extending across Strasburg Valley westward to the North Mountain, and occupying apparently an impregnable position. After much manoeuvring, Crook's command was transferred to the extreme right of the line of the North Mountain, and attacked the enemy's left, carrying everything before him. Whilst Crook drove away the enemy and swept down behind their breastworks, the 6th and 7th Corps attacked the rebel works in front, and the whole army appeared to be broken up. They fled in the utmost confusion, and sixteen guns were captured. The darkness only saved



Early's army from total destruction. On Thursday night (Sept. 22) Sheridan pushed on down the Shenandoah Valley. Two divisions of cavalry went down Luray Valley. Sheridan says that if they push on to the main valley the result of the engagement will be more signal. Correspondents' letters assert that Early's loss in prisoners in the first day's fight will approximate to 5000. Among the killed and wounded were Confederate Generals Rhodes, Ramson, Gordon, Terry, Goodwin, Bradley, Johnson, and Fitzhugh Lee. The Federal loss in the same battle is estimated at between 2000 and 4000 men.

General Grant, after a consultation with General Sheridan, at Berryville, on the 16th ult., visited his family, at Burlington, New Jersey, and on the 18th returned to his headquarters before Petersburg. No fresh operations are reported from that quarter.

The Confederate cavalry who captured Grant's cattle at Harrison's Landing consisted of four brigades, commanded by General Wade Hampton. The Federal guard in charge of the cattle were nearly all taken prisoners. Several Federal detachments sent in pursuit, or to intercept the Confederates, returned to camp unsuccessful in their search or were driven back. One whole regiment of the pursuers is reported to have been cut off and captured. The raid was regarded as the most daring and one of the most successful of the war, as it had secured for Lee's whole army full rations of beef for five or six weeks. The cattle were in fine condition.

The only news from Atlanta is that Sherman was strongly fortifying that city.

Confederate General Price had crossed the Arkansas River for an invasion of Missouri. General Shelby was co-operating. The Missouri militia retreated before Shelby from Charleston to White Water River.

A supply-train and two sutlers' trains, with 600 mules and forty horses, which recently left Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for the Federal garrison at Fort Smith, Arkansas, had been captured at Calum Creek by the Confederates.

Affairs remained unchanged at Mobile. Farragut's fleet still held possession of the lower portion of the bay and of the two forts at its entrance, but had not made any further attempt to capture the city itself.

The threatened split in the Democratic ranks had been avoided, the leaders of the peace party, including Mr. Vallandigham, having declared their intention of supporting McClellan. A monster mass-meeting was held at Union-square, New York, on Saturday, the 17th, the anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States and of the Battle of Antietam, to ratify the Democratic nomination, both National and State, and is declared to have surpassed all previous demonstrations in that city in numbers and enthusiasm. Similar meetings were held in other cities and towns, in conformity with the recommendation of the Chicago Convention that the ratification of the nominees should be simultaneous and upon that evening.

Fremont and Cochrane had definitively withdrawn from the Presidential canvass.

Postmaster-General Blair had retired from the Cabinet, at President Lincoln's request.

The *Richmond Inquirer* contains a report that Sherman had proposed an informal peace conference with the Governor of Georgia and Vice-President Stephens. Numerous other peace rumours were current.

Two steamers had been captured on Lake Erie by Confederate passengers on board, and it was expected that an attempt would be made to release the prisoners confined in Johnson Island. The adventurers, however, were subsequently captured.

THE EVACUATION OF ROME.

THE following despatch, dated Sept. 12, addressed by M. Drouyn de Lhuys to M. Sartiges, French Ambassador at Rome, has been published in the *Moniteur*:—

Monsieur le Comte.—The position which we occupy at Rome has for a long time been a cause of serious consideration to the Government of the Emperor. Circumstances have appeared to us favourable to examine anew into the real state of things, and we think it advisable to communicate to the Holy See the result of our reflections.

I need not refer to the causes which led the flag of France to Rome, and which determined us to keep it there up to the present moment. We had resolved not to abandon that post of honour as long as the object of the occupation should not have been obtained. Yet we never supposed that such a position should be a permanent one; we always considered it as abnormal and temporary. It was on those terms that the first plenipotentiary of the Emperor at the Congress of Paris characterised it eight years ago. He added, conformably to the orders of his Majesty, that we anxiously looked forward for the moment when we might withdraw our troops from Rome without compromising the internal tranquillity of the country and the authority of the Pontifical Government. On every opportunity we renewed the same declarations. At the commencement of 1859 the Holy Father had, on his part, made the proposal to fix the end of this year for the evacuation of the territory guarded by our troops. The war which then burst out in Italy having decided the Emperor to renounce his recall, the same idea was resumed as soon as events seemed to authorise the hope that the Pontifical Government would be in a position to provide for its safety with its own forces. Hence the *entente* established in 1860, and in virtue of which the departure of the French troops was to be effected in the month of August. The commotions which took place at the same period again prevented the execution of a measure which the Holy See desired as much as we did. But the Government of the Emperor did not the less continue to look upon the presence of our troops at Rome as an exceptional and temporary fact, to which, in mutual interest, we were bound to put an end as soon as the security and independence of the Holy See should be shielded from new dangers.

How many reasons are there not, in fact, to make us wish that the occupation should not be indefinitely prolonged? It constitutes an act of intervention contrary to one of the fundamental principles of our public law, and the more difficult to justify, as far as we are concerned, as our object in giving Piedmont the support of our arms was to deliver Italy from foreign intervention. Moreover, this situation has, as a consequence, to place face to face, on the same ground, two distinct sovereignties, and thus to be often the cause of serious difficulties. The nature of things is here stronger than the good intentions of man. Many changes have been made in the superior command of the French army, and the same dissensions, the same conflicts of jurisdiction, have occurred at every period between our Generals-in-Chief, whose first duty is evidently to watch over the safety of their army, and the representatives of the Pontifical authority, jealous to uphold the independence of the territorial Sovereign in the acts of internal administration.

To these unavoidable inconveniences, which the French agents most devoted to the Holy See have not been able to obviate, must be added those which infallibly result from the difference of political considerations. The two Governments do not obey the same inspirations, and do not act upon the same principles. Our conscience, too, often urges us to give counsel which too often also, that of the Court of Rome thinks it ought to decline. Should we insist too strongly it would seem as if we were abusing the strength of our position, and in that case, the Pontifical Government would in public opinion lose the merit of the most wise resolutions. On the other hand, by taking part in acts inconsistent with our social state and with the maxims of our legislation, we with difficulty escape the responsibility of a situation which we cannot approve. The Holy See, from its very nature, has its codes and particular rights, which, on many occasions, are unhappily in opposition to the ideas of the age. Distant from Rome, we should still certainly regret to see it carry out their rigorous application, and, guided by a filial devotion, we should, doubtless, not think ourselves justified in remaining silent when similar facts should provide pretexts for the accusations of its adversaries; but being present at Rome, which imposes more serious obligations upon us, under such circumstances the relations of the two Governments become more delicate, and their reciprocal susceptibilities are brought into greater relief.

However patent these inconveniences may be, we have resolved not to relinquish the mission which we accepted. The Holy Father had no army to protect his authority at home against the projects of the revolutionary party; and, on the other hand, the most alarming intentions were prevalent in the peninsula as regards the possession of Rome, which the Italian Government itself, through the mouths of the Ministers in the Parliament, as well as by diplomatic communications, claimed as the capital of Italy. As long as those views occupied the thoughts of the Cabinet at Turin we have had reason to fear that if we withdrew our troops the territory of the Holy See would be exposed to attacks which the Pontifical Government could not have been able to withstand. We wished to give it our armed support until we considered the danger of these inconsiderate outbursts as past.

At the present moment, M. le Comte, we are struck by the happy changes which manifest themselves in this respect in the general situation of the peninsula. The Italian Government has been exerting itself during the last two years to do away with the last remnants of those formidable associations which, taking advantage of circumstances, have formed themselves beyond its action, and the projects of which were chiefly directed against Rome. Having opposed them publicly, it has succeeded in dissolving them; and whenever they have attempted to reconstitute themselves it has easily put them down.

This Government has not confined itself to preventing the organisation of an irregular force upon its territory to attack the provinces placed under the Pontifical sovereignty. It has given to its policy towards the Holy See an attitude more in harmony with its international duties. It has ceased to bring forward in the Chambers the absolute programme which proclaimed Rome the capital of Italy and to address to us on this subject peremptory declarations formerly so frequent. Other ideas have taken hold of the more enlightened minds, and tend to prevail more and more. Abandoning the idea of achieving by force the realisation of a project which we had resolved to oppose, and not being able, on the other hand, to maintain at Turin the seat of an authority the presence of which is requisite on a more central point of the new State, the Cabinet of Turin would itself have harboured the intention of transferring its capital to another city.

In our opinion, M. le Comte, this eventuality is of higher importance to the Holy See, as well as to the Government of the Emperor; for if realised it would constitute a new situation, which would not offer the same danger. After having obtained from Italy the guarantees which we might think fit to stipulate in favour of the Holy See against attacks from without, all that would remain for us to do would be to assist the Pontifical Government to organise an army sufficiently numerous and well organised to command respect for its authority at home. It would find us ready to second recruiting to the best of our endeavours. Its actual resources, we are aware, would not allow it to maintain a considerable army; but combinations might be made which would relieve the Holy See from a portion of the debt of which it thought it was bound in dignity to continue hitherto to pay the interest. Placed thus in the possession of ample funds, defended at home by a devoted army, protected outside by engagements which we should have demanded from Italy, the Pontifical Government would find itself in a position which, while assuring its independence and safety, would allow us to fix a term for withdrawing our troops from the Roman States. These words, addressed by the Emperor to the King of Italy in a letter, dated July 12, 1861, will thus be verified:—

"I will leave my troops at Rome as long as your Majesty shall not be reconciled to the Pope, or that the Holy Father shall be menaced with seeing the States that remain to him invaded by a regular or irregular force."

Such are, M. le Comte, the observations suggested to us by a careful and conscientious examination of actual circumstances, and which the Government of the Emperor thinks it advisable to communicate to the Court of Rome. The Holy See assuredly, like ourselves, eagerly looks forward to the moment when the protection of our arms will no longer be required for its safety, when it might, without danger to the great interests which it represents, return to the normal situation of an independent Government. We therefore entertain the confidence that it will render full justice to the sentiments which actuate us, and it is under this persuasion that I authorise you to call the attention of Cardinal Antonelli to the considerations I have just made known to you.

The Paris clerical journal, the *Gazette de France*, says that Cardinal Antonelli, in a despatch to the French Government, in reply to the above document, remarks, in the first place, that international law has been completely set at naught by a convention specially affecting the Roman States to which the Pope is no party. His Eminence considers some of the clauses as "at variance with the rights of the Sovereign Pontiff." The Pope claims as a necessary incident of his sovereignty the right to call for the protection of any

other friendly Power, just as he "accepted with gratitude that of France." He pleads inability in consequence of "the robbery of part of his States by Piedmont" to pay a sufficient army to protect him, notwithstanding that the "great attachment to his person felt by the majority of his subjects is not doubtful." He has no "reason to hope" that the "Subalpine Government" will "renounce its disloyal practice when he shall be left to himself." In conclusion, his Holiness hurls a defiance at the French Government by characterising the convention as a "patent of impunity given to his enemies," and he threatens to adopt "such a line of conduct as may be dictated by the interest of his people, the dignity of the apostolic see, and the consciousness of the rights which he holds from God."

Napoleon III. must, of course, have anticipated such an answer as this, and it is impossible to impute to him such childishness as would be implied in the supposition that it will change his purpose and affect the execution of the convention.

The Paris *Temps* adds to the above information that the Pope also refuses to accept the arrangement by which France proposed to relieve him from a part of his debt without the necessity of his having any direct negotiation with the King of Italy. "The Holy See," says the *Temps*, "will do nothing, and is absolutely passive and inflexible, save so far as it threatens to invoke foreign aid. The realisation of that threat would signify a war more or less general."

HOW THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT IS ELECTED.

The presidential election, which will take place in a few weeks from the present time, is an event which, owing to the peculiar gravity of the conjuncture, is already by anticipation exciting an extraordinary degree of interest in this country. Yet there are few persons who have an intelligent idea of the manner in which it takes place. An idea is still prevalent that the President is elected by a strictly popular vote—that is, between two or more candidates, the one who obtains the majority of the popular suffrages is elevated to the highest office in the Republic. On the other hand, many who possess a general notion of the constitution and powers of the electoral colleges have only a vague and imperfect knowledge of the mode by which the presidential electors are chosen, and of the principle upon which the share of electoral power enjoyed by each State is apportioned. Our simple object, therefore, in these remarks is to explain as concisely as possible the *modus operandi* of the presidential election.

Our readers are aware that three gentlemen have been nominated candidates for the chair of chief magistrate, which will become vacant in March next—Mr. Lincoln, the candidate of the Republican Convention at Baltimore; General McClellan, the Democratic candidate, who has accepted the nomination of the Chicago Convention; and General Fremont, the candidate of the Cleveland Convention, which was mainly composed of representatives of the German population of the West and a section of the Abolitionists. One or other of these three candidates will be elected President of the United States; for, although the national conventions or caucuses by which they have been nominated have only been the fashion since the year 1800 (if so long), and are purely a matter of party arrangement, the uniform practice of the American people has been to bow to the authority of the conventions, and to accept the two or three men whom they may choose as the only candidates in the field. This part of the great work having been accomplished, it only remains to be seen what are the various steps to be taken before the incoming President, whoever he may be, is actually elected. The electoral colleges are composed of electors appointed by the various States, the number elected by each State being equal to the number of its representatives in the national Congress, including the members not only of the Lower House, but also of the Senate. As is well known, representation, so far as the more popular assembly is concerned, is based upon population; and in order to prevent the anomalies which would otherwise grow up and breed discontent every few years, there is a re-apportionment of seats after each census, which is taken every ten years. By an Act of Congress passed in 1850 the number of representatives was fixed at 233, thus giving one member to every 126,844 inhabitants. The Upper House being the most conservative body, every State is entitled under the Constitution to elect two Senators: thus the pigmy States of Delaware and Rhode Island are the equals in that branch of the Legislature of the great States of New York and Pennsylvania. The electoral colleges are a combination of two great principles—the popular and the conservative—each State, as we have said, electing as many representatives to those bodies as it returns members to both Houses of Congress. The elections to the colleges universally take place on the Tuesday after the second Monday in November, which will this year fall on the 8th of that month; but the presidential electors do not meet until a month afterwards. Each State votes separately; and the majority of the citizens determine whether its share of the electoral power shall be given to Lincoln, McClellan, Fremont, or any other candidate. Thus within twenty-four hours afterwards, when the numbers have been counted, and the general results ascertained, the successful candidate is really known and treated with the honour due to the President-elect, although four weeks must necessarily elapse before the electors meet in the capitals of their respective States and formally cast their votes. The Constitution does not prescribe any particular mode of election. Washington was elected by the Legislatures of the States, and we believe it is a fact that South Carolina has never given a popular vote for President, but has always left its Legislature to perform that duty. All the States, with this exception, have adopted the more popular method. The distribution of the electoral power among the States on the basis of population manifestly gives to some few States an exceptionally large, if not preponderant, vote. Hence the anxiety which is felt to know how New York or Pennsylvania will go, or what will be the vote of the more populous of the Western States. The following statement will show how many votes the loyal States are entitled to give in the presidential election:—Maine, 7; New Hampshire, 5; Vermont, 5; Massachusetts, 12; Rhode Island, 3; Connecticut, 6; New York, 32; New Jersey, 7; Pennsylvania, 25; Ohio, 21; Michigan, 8; Illinois, 15; Indiana, 13; Wisconsin, 8; Iowa, 7; Minnesota, 3; Kansas, 3; California, 5; Oregon, 3; Maryland, 8; Delaware, 3; Missouri, 11; Kentucky 10; Western Virginia, 5; making a total of 225.

We have omitted the eleven States which have declared themselves out of the Union, and will therefore take no part in the presidential election; unless the right of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Tennessee to vote under their Free State Constitutions be admitted. If these three Southern States are permitted to vote, the electors would be further increased by thirty.

A majority of the whole of the electoral colleges is necessary to ensure the election of a candidate. A mere majority of one over another is not sufficient; there must be an absolute majority of the entire body of electors. If the balloting fails to produce this result, the election falls to the House of Representatives. In that eventually two thirds of the House form a quorum; but a majority, not merely of all the members but of all the States represented in that august assembly, is necessary to elect a President. The electoral colleges vote by ballot, and sealed lists exhibiting the results of their votes are attested by the signatures of the electors and forwarded to the president of the Senate, who opens them in presence of that body and of the House of Representatives. If the House is called upon to exercise the reserved power which is conferred upon it by the Constitution, every State is entitled to one vote and no more; and if before the 4th day of March the House has not agreed upon a candidate, the individual who has been elected Vice-President by a majority of all the presidential electors is declared chief magistrate of the Republic. But if the colleges have failed to elect the Vice-President by the requisite majority, then the Senate is required to elect that high functionary, their choice being limited to the two candidates who have polled the greatest number of votes.—*Star*.

HEALTH OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

A REPORT which has just been addressed to the Emperor by Marshal Randon, Minister of War, contains some interesting information with respect to the sanitary condition of the French army and to the time of service of the men composing it. The mortality in the army has for some time, it appears, been on the decrease, and Marshal Randon now gives a relative statement, as follows:—

"In 1846 the annual mortality was, among the troops in France, nineteen deaths per 1000 men, and in Algeria sixty-four. In 1862 and 1863 there were only ten deaths per 1000 in France, and about twelve in Algeria."

Judging from the context, in which the percentage is calculated, there is probably a typographical error with respect to the Algerine mortality; but the decrease in French garrisons is very important. A corresponding diminution is observed, as might be expected, in the men in hospital—in 1842, 1-23rd of the army; in 1852, 1-30th; in 1862, 1-39th part of the army. Marshal Randon attributes this most satisfactory improvement in part to hygienic measures, to the better quality of the ration-bread and of the food generally, and to the greater pains taken to render the barracks healthy. But still more important in its effects, he believes, has been the change in the composition of the army caused by the improved position and prospects of the soldier. The amendments in the law of dotation, as it is called, have had great influence in rendering the service popular and in inducing numbers to adopt it as a profession who formerly would have quitted it as soon as the compulsory time of service expired. The soldier is now better off while under colours, and has in view a provision for the future when age or infirmities shall compel him to retire. From the Marshal's statement it appears that before 1855 only 9 per cent of the army had served more than seven years; at the present time 33 per cent have exceeded that period of service. The coincidence of this change of proportion with the diminution of mortality has led to scientific inquiry, and the connection between them is demonstrated by the following table:—

Annual proportions of deaths from disease according to the time of soldiers under the colours:—

Time of Service.	Proportion per 1000 men.
Having less than 1 year of service ..	11.45
Having from 1 to 3 years ..	13.38
Having from 3 to 5 years ..	9.30
Having from 5 to 7 years ..	7.40
Having from 7 to 14 years ..	5.35
Above 14 years the average is ..	7.11

Thus it is shown that the least mortality is among the men from seven to fourteen years, and that those above fourteen years, although including the oldest soldiers, still lose less than any category of the first seven years. It is evident, therefore, that those laws and regulations which have tended to induce men to remain in the service have had the effect of diminishing the mortality, and consequently of lessening the expense. No stronger proof could be given of the mistake it is to overdo economy in an army. One third of the French army is now composed of veterans, and against the additional expense incurred in rendering the service attractive is to be set the saving that arises from a great diminution in sickness and mortality. The great object in all armies is to obtain old soldiers, and probably no Continental Government reckons so many in its service at the present time as does France. The differences in the circumstances, mode of levy, and composition of the French and English armies are so great that what applies to the one is often by no means applicable to the other; but our military organisers and administrators might, nevertheless, find advantage in studying those recent improvements in the French system which have led to the remarkable results stated above.

THE NEW AMERICAN DICTIONARY.

"LOG-ROLLING" means the mutual rendering of service. The expression is said to have originated among the backwoodsmen, who, in felling trees to build their cabins, used to say to one another, "You help me to roll my log, and I'll help you to roll yours." Thus, if A wants to get a place in the Customs' House of which B has the promise, and knowing that B desiderates a postmastership, is acquainted with C, who is in a position to obtain the coveted birth from D, A gets his place, and B his, through some quietly-arranged log-rolling; or, to adduce an illustration nearer home, if Pawkins has a friend up for election at the Senior Coleoptera Club, he may go to Jawkins, who has two men up for the election next following, and quietly hint to him that if his (Pawkins's) man don't get it, his (Jawkins's) men are sure to be blackballed. "Pipe-laying" means simply the secret management, by intrigue and chicanery, of a certain affair. It is all but synonymous with "engineering," although, for a transaction to be satisfactorily "engineered through," a certain amount of greenbacks should properly change hands, whereas pipe-laying may go no farther than clever diplomacy. Pipe-laying is stated to have been invented by a well-known political auctioneer and Loyal Leaguer of New York, who many years since, wishing to carry a municipal measure for which two thousand additional votes were needed, imported a couple of thousand labourers from Philadelphia for the purpose of laying water pipes, which only existed in his own fervid imagination. "Axe-grinding" is a term borrowed from one of the most charming stories told by the great apologist of shrewd common-sense, Benjamin Franklin. The story should be as well known to you as that of paying too dearly for one's whistle; but, at the risk of being held a bore, I may remind you that it bears on a little boy going to school, who is accosted by a man carrying an axe. The man calls the boy all kinds of pretty and endearing names, and induces him to enter a yard where there is a grindstone. "Now, my pretty little fellow," says he, "with the axe, 'only turn that handle, and you'll see something very pretty.' The boy turns and turns, and the man holds the axe to the stone and pours water over it, until the axe is ground. Straightway he turns, with strident voice and fierce gesture, on the boy; 'You abandoned little miscreant,' he cries, 'what do you mean by playing truant from school? You deserve a good thrashing. Get you gone, sirrah, this instant.' And after this, adds Franklin, 'when any body flattered me, I always thought he had an axe to grind.' For example, when a newspaper speaks of Mr. Lincoln as the 'Saviour of the Republic,' and assures the public that on his 'broad Atlantean shoulders' the happiness of the nation reposes, it may be reasonably surmised that the newspaper in question has 'an axe to grind.' 'Wire-pulling' is applied to politicians behind the scenes, who make no speeches and write no letters, but, to bring about certain conjunctures in which they are interested, privately cajole, influence, and direct other politicians, who are their puppets to be used on the public stage. Thus Mr. Thurlow Weed has been any time these twenty years the great wire-puller of American politics. 'Lobbying' is a word cognate with wire-pulling. A 'lobbyer' is an intriguer who can serve his purposes and those of his party much better by hanging about corridors and committee-rooms than by being a member of the Legislature. He button-holes the Congress men as they go in and out; and a bill must be generally lobbied through before it is submitted to the arbitrament of the vote. To conclude, 'financiering' does not apply exclusively to politics; it means anything 'smart,' base, and fraudulent, from jobbing beef and blanket contracts to making money out of hospital lint or charitable donations. Thus the *New York Herald* declares—with much truth, being an ignorant foreigner, I know not—that at least one-fifth of the five millions of dollars accruing from the sanitary fairs held all over the country has been 'financiered' away to private uses by the managers of the said fairs. There are two slang equivalents in English for 'financiering'—viz., 'besing' and 'chizzling,' but as the police courts it is usually known as embezzlement.—*New York Letter*.

THE REVENUE.—The revenue returns for the year and quarter ended Sept. 30 are of the most gratifying character. There is a steady growth in the revenue, notwithstanding the reductions which have been made in taxation. The total revenue for the year ended Sept. 30 was £70,375,944, which showed a decrease of £129,428 as compared with the previous year. But on the quarter there has been an actual increase of £380,985, the total revenue being £14,792,483. Only three items show a decrease on the quarter. They are—customs, £248,000; taxes, £8000; and property tax, £44,000. Excise shows an increase of £430,000; stamps, £76,000; Post Office, £149,000; Crown lands, £1000; and miscellaneous, £73,985. The return must be regarded as of the most satisfactory nature, as evidencing the progress of the country.

PARISIAN ARCHÆOLOGY.—A writer in the *Droit* gives the following account of the origin of the words *concierger* (door-porter) and *rioton* (lock-up):—"When Hugh Capet determined to take up his abode in the palace of the city he added two large buildings to it, one of which was called the *conciergerie*, and used at once as a barracks and a prison, while the other was called the *stable*, or *stable*. The government of the latter was given to an eminent warrior, with the title of 'Comte de l'Étable,' afterwards abridged into *constable* (constable); while the management of the former was intrusted to a noble captain with the title of 'Comte des Clerges,' or 'Concierger.' The Comte des Clerges had many rights and prerogatives, his principal functions consisting in the administration of justice by his bailiffs, and his tribunal was erected in the great hall of the palace. But as early as the close of the twelfth century this post had lost much of its splendour, and its occupant ceased to be selected from among illustrious captains, and ultimately Louis XI. united the functions of *concierger* and bailiff, and conferred them on his physician, Jean Colclier. From that time the office of *concierger* bailiff, though lucrative, ceased to have any political importance, and by an edict of 1712 the causes falling within its jurisdiction were transferred to the Châtelet. Of late years all door-porters have assumed the title of *concierger*, and seem not to have quite forgotten the high prerogatives held by those who first bore the name. With regard to the origin of the word *rioton* in the sense of a lock-up, the writer says that in the time of Louis XI. the Salle des Pas-Perdus was so much frequented by bands of spadassins, turbulent clerics, and students, that a bailiff of the palace, to put an end to their disturbances, adopted the plan of shutting them up in a lower room of the *Conciergerie* while the courts were sitting, but as they were not guilty of any punishable offence he allowed them a violin to amuse themselves during their temporary captivity. Hence the word *rioton* came to be applied to places in which persons under provisional arrest are confined."

IRELAND.

THE CROPS.—We are glad to learn, from reports in the provincial journals, that the fine weather with which the country has been recently blessed has had a most beneficial effect upon the crops, and that advantage has been taken of it by the farmers to push forward agricultural operations which had been previously delayed. The welcome change of weather has rescued the grain crops from threatened destruction. Potatoes and green crops are sound and luxuriant; and in districts where the greatest anxiety prevailed we are now informed that there is no longer any fear that the people will suffer from scarcity of food or fuel during the winter and spring. This gratifying assurance comes from journals which in other years have been loud and earnest in their complaints about the condition of the country.

STATE OF AGRICULTURE.—The Registrar-General has issued his general abstract of agricultural statistics, showing the extent of land under the various crops and the number of live stock in each province. It appears from these tables that the total area under cultivation this year is 5,572,989 acres, which is an increase of 10,493 acres over the extent of tillage last year. The number of acres under wheat this year is 279,863, being 19,552 over last year; but there is a decrease of the acreage under oats amounting to no fewer than 145,965 acres—the total number of acres now grown being 1,862,918. The whole return shows a total decrease in cereal crops to the extent of 122,437 acres. The returns of the green crops are:—Potatoes, 1,039,282 acres; turnips, 337,283 acres; mangold-wurtzel and beet-root, 14,106 acres; cabbage, 31,756 acres; carrots, parsnips, and other green crops, 24,190 acres; vetches and rape, 29,918 acres; total, 1,475,535. The total number of cattle in Ireland this year is 3,257,309, being an increase of 113,078 over 1863; number of sheep, 3,363,068, being an increase of 54,864. In horses there is a decrease, the total number being 334,361, which is 18,617 less than in 1863; and pigs also have decreased, the number at present, 1,056,245, being 11,209 less than last year. In the sheep the decrease is confined to tups and wethers—ewes and lambs have increased. The total value of live stock in Ireland this year is computed at £30,085,082. In 1859 its value was £35,368,259, showing a falling off to the extent of more than £5,000,000 within a period of five years, though with some improvement this year. These returns also embrace the statistics of emigration, under which head we are informed that 84,586 persons left Ireland up to the 31st of July, being 4080 more than last year. The total extent of emigration since the 1st of May, 1851, when the enumeration of the several ports commenced, was 1,499,612 persons. A comparison of the returns from each province shows that in Leitrim there has been an increase to the amount of 3850 persons, and in Connaught an increase of 2461 persons, while in Ulster there has been a slight diminution amounting to 280 persons, and in Munster a considerable decrease, there being 3015 less this year than last. Considering the increased value of live stock, the greater area under flax, and the expected increase in the yield of the several crops owing to the more favourable weather enjoyed this year, Mr. Donnelly is of opinion that the condition of the country, as exhibited in these abstracts, "affords fair hope of a return to more prosperous seasons for the farmer than Ireland has enjoyed for many years."

SCOTLAND.

AN ANCIENT GRAVEYARD.—A very interesting discovery has been made in St. Enoch-square, Glasgow, by workmen engaged in constructing a common sewer there. While digging along the west side of the church, at the depth of about three feet six inches from the top of the causeway stones, they came upon a stratum of black earth, which emitted a strong sour smell, of which the labourers complained very much, and which was said to resemble the effluvia from an open grave. A considerable quantity of human bones, of various sizes, was found in the black stratum to which we have referred, and which is no doubt the remains of animal matter which has been decomposing for generations. There is not any doubt that there has thus been laid bare a portion of the ancient cemetery attached to the venerable chapel of St. Thenau, the mother of St. Kentigern or St. Mungo. The chapel dedicated to this illustrious lady, and where her remains were believed to rest, stood upon some portion of the ground now known as St. Enoch-square, which, indeed, is a corruption of her name. The memory of St. Thenau was held in great veneration in the Roman Catholic times, and in the list of relics in the treasury of Glasgow Cathedral in 1432, and which were supposed to be carried away by Cardinal Beaton about 1560, were "two linen bags, with bones of St. Kentigern, St. Thenau, and other deceased saints."

THE PROVINCES.

SHOCKING TRAGEDY AT OLD WINDSOR.—A terrible tragedy was discovered on Sunday afternoon in the pretty little village of Old Windsor. A man named Cook, who had formerly been a barber at Eton, had retired to the village, and it was understood that his family was in distress; but no apprehension of mischief was entertained. On Sunday afternoon suspicion was excited, from the circumstance that neither he nor any of his children were seen about the place. On a forcible entrance being made, it was found that three of his little girls were lying, side by side, dead in one room. In another room a girl about twelve years of age was found suffering from the effects of poison, but still living; and in still another room was the man himself and a girl about eight years of age, all with their throats cut, but still alive. The father, however, died in the course of the evening. It is supposed that his mind had become diseased in consequence of his poverty, aggravated by the recent death of his wife.

THE HOP HARVEST IN SUSSEX.—The operations of hop picking and packing have now been brought to a close throughout the hop-growing districts in Sussex, and the result has been such as to give general satisfaction to the planters. Many excellent samples were produced during the picking; and, although towards its close some of the gardens were beginning to assume a brownish appearance, the farmers, favoured by the fine, calm, autumn weather, have been enabled to secure the whole of the produce in good condition. The produce of the season, after making allowance for its unevenness in some districts, is considered to constitute a fair average crop. The yield has ranged from about eight bushels per acre to as many as nineteen or twenty; but from ten to twelve bushels per acre may be set down as the average return. During the past week a considerable quantity of the produce has been disposed of at various local fairs at prices considered highly remunerative to the grower.

CARLISLE CASTLE.—Strong feelings of opposition have been manifested in Carlisle against a proposal made by the War Office to let for trade and manufacturing purposes a considerable portion of the barracks and store-houses within the walls of the ancient castle of that city. Such a conversion, it is considered, would be a desecration of a fortress with which so many historical associations are connected. The castle, which is supposed to have been founded by the Romans, was afterwards rebuilt by Rufus, and still later, strengthened by Henry I.; and, among other interesting incidents which might be mentioned in connection with this important fortress, it may be stated that Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned there, and it is associated very intimately with the rebellion of 1745. Until the last half dozen years it was always garrisoned by Royal troops; and since they were withdrawn it has been given up to the pensioners, when called up for exercise, and the volunteers, for their head-quarters, being left in charge of one or two soldiers. Now, however, the Government seem desirous of making some money out of it, and those portions that are adapted for mercantile purposes, warehouses, &c., are advertised to be let. Against this the inhabitants of the city protest, and the Town Council have resolved upon a memorial, which is to be sent to the Secretary of State for War, showing that the conversion of the castle to such purposes would be inconsistent with the character of that ancient fortress and at variance with the feelings of the inhabitants, and suggesting that a more appropriate mode of turning it to account would be to transfer to Carlisle the head-quarters of the county militia, which are now at Whitehaven, by which means a considerable saving would be effected both to the Government and the county.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.—A meeting of this institution was held on Thursday last, at its house, John-street, Adelphi—Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, rewards amounting to £29 were voted to the crews of the Arklow, Blackpool, and Selsey life-boats of the institution for assisting to save three vessels and some of their crews during the past month. On two of these occasions the life-boat had actually been the means of saving two vessels and their valuable cargoes from destruction, and expressions of gratitude, and in one case a substantial acknowledgment, to the gallant crew of the life-boat were tendered by the captains of the ships. Rewards were also granted to the crews of the society's life-boats at New Brighton, Fortrush, Lytham, and Margate, and to the crews of various shore-boats for saving life in distress, but which did not afterwards require the services of the life-boats. Payments amounting to upwards of £2000 were made on various life-boat establishments. The Horse Guards had applied to the institution for an additional supply of the new instructions for the Restoration of the Apparently Drowned, to be circulated amongst the several stations of the Army at home and abroad. By order of the Viceroy and Governors of India, these directions had also been extensively circulated throughout the Presidencies. Letters were read from officers of the French and Russian Imperial navies, expressing their acknowledgments to the institution for the important and valuable information they had received from it while in England concerning its life-boat stations. The institution had sent during the past month new life-boats to Redcar, on the Yorkshire coast, and to Cardigan. The railway companies had, as usual, readily given the boats a free conveyance. The cost of both life-boats had been presented to the institution by benevolent persons. A gentleman had intimated his intention to defray, in conjunction with his sisters, the cost, amounting to about £600, of a complete life-boat station on the Irish coast, in memory of their late father. They had previously defrayed the expense of a life-boat station at Bude Haven, on the Cornish coast, in memory of their mother. Reports were read from the inspector and assistant-inspector of life-boats of the institution on their recent visits to its life-boat stations on the north-east coast, and on the Kent and Sussex coasts. They had found all the stations in admirable order.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

ADMIRAL DAVID G. FARRAGUT, the most energetic and successful naval officer which the war in America has produced on the Federal side, was born in Knoxville, Tennessee, about the year 1803. A sailor from his ninth year, when he became a Midshipman, under Commodore Porter, in the Essex, he was present at the battle of Valparaiso. At thirteen he was placed in command of a prize-vessel; and at the close of the War of 1812 he was sent to school, and thence into the navy. He then married a Southern lady, and settled in Norfolk, Virginia. When the expedition against New Orleans was resolved upon, Farragut was selected as its commander. He entered the Mississippi River, passing Forts Philip and Jackson on March 24, 1862, and the next day took possession of New Orleans. This dashing exploit showed that Farragut could plan his operations with skill, make careful preparations for carrying them out, and exhibit the boldness and audacity so necessary to the successful naval commander. After the capture of New Orleans, the Admiral became extremely popular in the Northern States, and he was appointed to command the vessels engaged in the attack on Port Hudson, in the reduction of which he played an important part. His late achievements in Mobile Bay have added to his fame, and showed that he is fertile in resources and capable of accommodating his tactics to the circumstances in which he finds himself placed. When the Confederate ram Tennessee bore down upon his fleet, and, single-handed, engaged the whole squadron, Farragut, finding that his shot had but little effect upon the armour of that powerful craft, and that she was likely to do serious mischief among his wooden vessels with her iron prow, determined to alter the style of attack and to fight the Tennessee in her own style. He therefore ordered all his ships to partially discontinue firing, and to "butt" the enemy on all sides. In accordance with these orders, ship after ship kept thumping against the sides of the Confederate craft, giving her no respite and preventing her being able to return the shocks. These successive concussions shook the Tennessee so terribly that her crew were unable to keep upon their feet or to work the ship; the rudder was damaged; and a shell, having entered one of her ports and exploded, killed a number of men and severely wounded the Confederate Commander, Admiral Buchanan. In these circumstances, the Southerners had no choice but to surrender their ship, which is regarded as one of the most efficient vessels of her class ever constructed, and is looked upon as a great prize by the Federals. Time will show whether Admiral Farragut will be able to capture the city of Mobile; but he has, at all events, succeeded in closing the harbour against external trade, and has thus inflicted a severe blow upon the Confederacy by depriving it of one of the best of its few ports. It is said that the Admiral contemplates similar operations against Wilmington, and should he succeed, he will almost entirely cut off the seceded States from communication with the rest of the world. Admiral Farragut may not, perhaps, be the "greatest naval hero of the age," as his countrymen assert; but he has certainly shown qualities which entitle him to occupy a prominent place in the ranks of sea-warriors.

HARRISON'S LANDING.

THIS place, which is now the principal dépôt of General Grant's army on the James River, derives its name from being the point of



THE WAR IN AMERICA: ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, COMMANDING THE FEDERAL FLEET BEFORE MOBILE.

contact of the property of the Harrison family with the river. This family, which was early settled in Virginia, has always taken a prominent part in the politics of its own State, and, in the person of General Harrison, has furnished a President to the Union. Harrison's Landing has now acquired an historical position in the list of places made famous by the American war. It was to this point General McClellan made his way when defeated in

to society, but to national existence itself; and their discussion must be of incalculable benefit, whether it have any immediate practical result or not, since to recognise an abuse is to go half way towards its reformation. It is for this reason that the doings of the association should receive the earnest attention of thoughtful men, since its discussions, varying in interest and ability, are already exercising that silent but progressive influence which

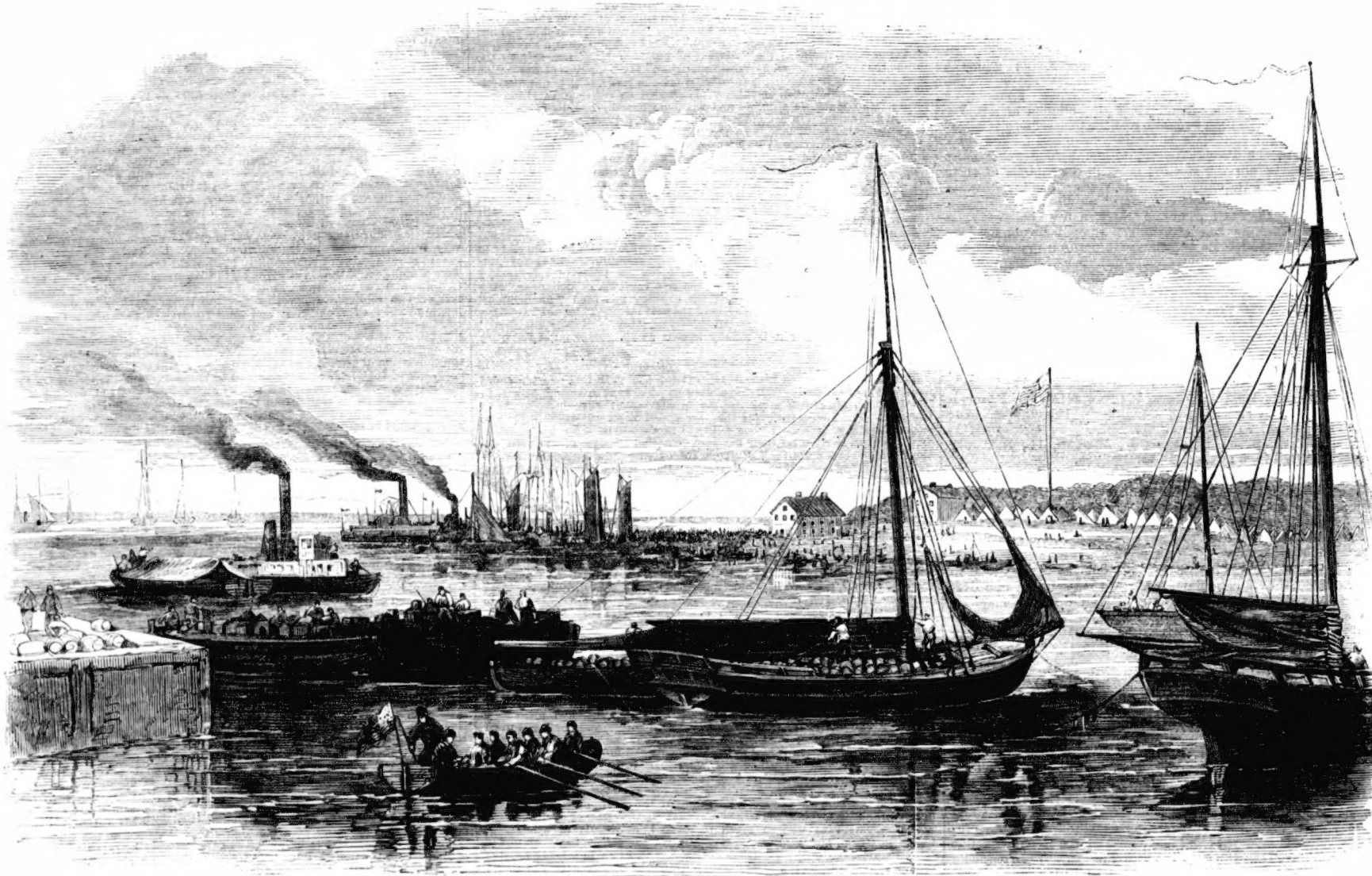
the seven days' fighting between the Chickahominy and the James River in 1862, at the close of his abortive advance upon Richmond. Here he intrenched himself, and succeeded in maintaining the position till the means of transporting his army to the north were provided. When General Grant, finding himself balked by the obstinate resistance of General Lee in the direct advance upon the Confederate capital from the Rappahannock, completed the series of flank movements which are now so well known, and found himself upon the James River and nearly in McClellan's old position, Harrison's Landing again became a place of importance, and here the principal dépôt of the Federal army was formed, as supplies could easily be brought up the river and stored there, while the vigilance of General Lee made their conveyance by land impossible. The position is well adapted for the purpose to which it has been applied. The ground in the vicinity is slightly rolling, with a considerable elevation about a mile from the river, and gradually slopes to the water's edge. Directly in front, at the point nearest Richmond, the White Oak Swamp and Creek form a protecting barrier; a ridge of hills, at the base of which runs Turkey Creek, skirted by marshy land on each side, interposes to render approach upon the extreme further wing difficult, if not impracticable; while the gun-boats on the river afford a ready and efficient protection on that side.

THE SERVICE IN YORK CATHEDRAL DURING THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS

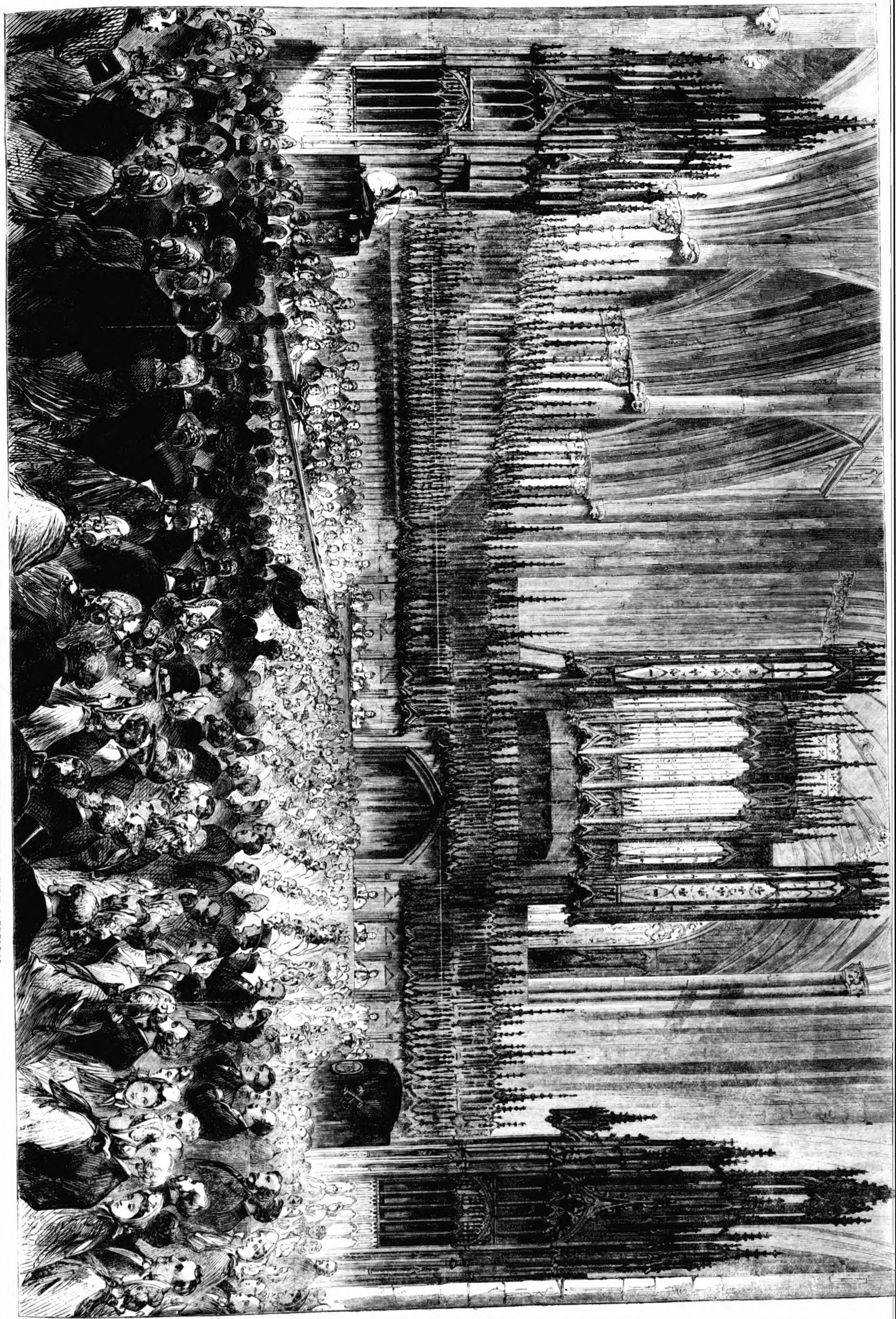
THE meetings of the "National Association for the Promotion of Social Science" have concluded, and the good city of York is left to its accustomed repose after a week or more of such excitement as may have been produced by the discussion within its walls of almost every topic which can affect our social relations, and not a few which affect scarcely anybody or anything. Amidst such an enormous variety of subjects, it may be doubted whether any practical result is at once effected by these discussions; and the proceedings of the association would seem to be rather an opportunity for ventilating the opinions and theories arrived at by thoughtful men in various departments of social science than an occasion for adopting remedies for existing evils.

The address of Lord Brougham at the inauguration of the session was illustrative of the subsequent business, since it ranged through almost every topic of ordinary interest, and, by a sort of socially scientific summing up, distributed blame or approval upon the current conduct of human affairs. It must be admitted, however, that few men, either from their experience or the vigorous ability with which they have devoted a long life to the acquisition of every sort of knowledge, are so well entitled to speak with authority as the statesman whose energy seems sufficient to conquer even the infirmities of age, and who grew with the occasion into at least a temporary renewal of that earnest living power which can still electrify his audience and give his utterances more meaning than those of other orators.

Amongst the numerous subjects which have been brought before the association there are some of the highest importance not only to society, but to national existence itself; and their discussion must be of incalculable benefit, whether it have any immediate practical result or not, since to recognise an abuse is to go half way towards its reformation. It is for this reason that the doings of the association should receive the earnest attention of thoughtful men, since its discussions, varying in interest and ability, are already exercising that silent but progressive influence which



HARRISON'S LANDING: THE CHIEF FEDERAL DEPOT ON THE JAMES RIVER.



THE A CATHEDRAL OF YORK PREACHING BEFORE THE MEMBERS OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS IN YORK CATHEDRAL.

makes itself felt even though it cannot be readily estimated. Perhaps the most important of all the topics which occupied the meeting was that which was brought before the members, just previous to the close of the session, by the Archbishop of York, who, as the president of the Education Department, delivered an admirable address respecting the education at public schools, middle-class education, and the instruction of girls in the middle and highest schools. At the close of his address, the Archbishop remarked, with regard to female education—

But all that I feel sure of on this subject is that a great mistake would be made if, without any attempt at an independent treatment of female education, we catch at some existing scheme of examinations for boys and assume that it will suit both purposes. The minds of man and woman are the complement each of the other. In that mysterious union of two which has risen by degrees from a mere instinct to a mutual education of two souls for God and for the highest duties, each married mind teaches to the other its own lesson. The strong man's strength goes furthest when it is softened by a strain of womanly tenderness, and the woman's pious dependence, fine observation, and delicate tact are irradiated by the daylight of the masculine understanding, and hard experience and precise laws of duty are added on his side to the common treasure. Of two things, both created of God, it is wrong, perhaps, to say that either is the higher. But they are certainly distinct; they need and complete each other. And as rude times, with their physical perils, despised a womanish man, when men had to hold their own, so the highest civilisation will err if it aims at producing manish women; for when men, weary with the world's battle, return to the cool shade of their own home, they need the calmness, the refinement, the high cultivation, the usefulness, the gentle piety, which woman, as she was meant to be, knows how to afford him. The cultivation of a woman's mind cannot be carried too high; but it must be a cultivation proper to her, to her constitution, her mental gifts, her work in the world. Woman is equal to man! Yes, but equal by being herself, and not a pale copy of him.

On the Friday previous to the termination of the proceedings the Dean and Chapter afforded to the members and associates an opportunity of seeing the spacious nave of the cathedral lighted up. It need hardly be said that few, if any, neglected to avail themselves of the privilege, or that the effect of the illumination itself was singularly grand and imposing. The capital of each stately pillar was encircled with innumerable gas-jets, and the magnificent carved work of the stalls for the caputular clergy was also brought out in luminous relief by the same simple yet effective process. The visitors to the far-famed Minster were further gratified by the performance of a selection of the finest compositions of Handel, Mozart, and other distinguished musicians upon the great organ in the nave, and two organs united together, at the close, in rendering the sublime "Hallelujah Chorus" of the first-named composer. The ancient crypt was lighted up daily for the inspection of the visitors between two and four p.m.

On the Sunday the beauty of the weather drew a large number of visitors to the streets and to the ramparts of the ancient walls by which the city is surrounded. There was a considerable attendance to hear Divine service at the cathedral, and crowds of people assembled in the streets for the purpose of seeing Lord Brougham, who, with the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, besides a number of the most distinguished residents and visitors, attended at the Minster, where a large congregation assembled to hear the sermon, which was preached by the Very Rev. the Dean of York.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1864.

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

THE Metropolitan Board of Works has, almost since its creation, been steadily acquiring notoriety rather than renown. It was at first imagined to be an important progression and practical development of the principle of self-government. The speeches and discussions of the local boards were recorded by the daily journals, until the superabundance of words over sense in the mouths of the speakers at length closed the columns of the newspapers to the reports of their proceedings. When these became really practical, the various boards in their turn began to find it expedient to exclude reporters, who might otherwise have chronicled their follies and their jobberies.

One of the earliest propositions of the Board may yet be remembered. It was to name London streets by the cognomina of the members of the Board itself. This project fell under an avalanche of ridicule. A later achievement of a local board—afterwards vainly endeavoured to be annulled—was the expulsion of the Westminster costermongers from an ancient market. The result of this has been that the late-riisers of Belgravia are awakened, almost from their first sleep, every morning by the discordant bawlings of itinerant venders of fish and esculents. Ladies home late from soirées and balls, littérateurs, students, and physicians, whose studies and avocations compel them to labour far into the small hours, must now forego the luxury of bed-rooms in the front of their houses, under pain of being awakened by horrid shouts from loud-lunged costermongers, who, under the old system, would have carried on their business in Strutton-ground to their own advantage as well as that of the tradesmen in the neighbourhood.

This same Board has had much to do in the matter of the Thames Embankment. It requested tenders, and received, among others, one from a Mr. Furness, offering to do the work required, from Westminster to Waterloo Bridge, for £520,000; also from a Mr. Ridley, proposing to do the same for £495,000. The lower tender was accepted, but difficulties were placed in Mr. Ridley's way. His sureties were objected to; whereupon he offered to deposit in cash the amount of the security required. Then it was found that there were other objections of a nature unmentionable by the Board. These objections were founded upon confidential communications, which, of course the Board was not at liberty to disclose; nor could it indeed be called upon so to do if they were really objections, and, as alleged, confidential. So Mr. Furness obtained the job. Supposing both tenders to have been made in equal good faith, this preference costs the public £25,000.

Perhaps many of our readers may remember that within a few years at low water certain shoals or islets were wont to appear between Westminster and Lambeth. More lately,

dredging-machines have been employed in clearing away these obstructions and deepening the channel of the river. It was but obvious and proper that the material thus obtained should be shifted out of the way, where it formed an obstruction, to the new embankment, where soil was a desideratum. Mr. Furness was bound, by his contract, it is said, to pay for the gravel and sand. By some means, however, this same stuff, having been applied to the embankment, is found insufficient in quantity, perhaps because proper engineering appliances have not been called into action to prevent its being carried out again by successive tides to form new shallows in the bed of the river. This is the theory of Mr. Furness's enemies. But, be this how it may, Mr. Furness is said to have been actually receiving rubbish from other contractors and a premium from them for allowing it to be shot upon the works. This, if true, would be obviously to his enormous advantage. It appears to be some evidence of the true state of things that the Thames Conservators have threatened proceedings against the Metropolitan Board for choking the river, while Mr. Ridley declares that, had he been allowed the privileges exercised by Mr. Furness, he could have reduced his own tender by £80,000.

But a yet worse aspect has been put upon the affair. Mr. Ridley, whose contract had at first been favourably received, is alleged to have owed his defeat to a report by Mr. Bazalgette, the chief engineer of the Board. Now, it is stated that this Mr. Bazalgette was concerned in a contract with Mr. Furness for certain works at Odessa, upon which Mr. Bazalgette was to receive from Mr. Furness £12,000. We mention only reports which have repeatedly obtained publication in the journals of the day. We do not pretend to vouch for their truth, however much we may respect their authority. Sufficient, at least, has been said to call for a defence on the part of the Board; and, if Mr. Ridley will but challenge that body to discard the reticence, avowed to be only maintained "in kindness to him," the public may yet learn the truth of this transaction.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, after having been royally entertained at Stockholm, have returned to Denmark, and were met at Elsinore by the King and the rest of the Royal family.

THE RETROTHAL OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF RUSSIA with Princess Dagmar has been publicly announced and celebrated in St. Petersburg.

QUEEN CHRISTINA arrived in Madrid on Friday evening week. A crowd assembled to witness the arrival, and it is stated, received the ex-Queen with favourable demonstrations.

LORD WODEHOUSE has definitively accepted the lord lieutenancy of Ireland, in succession to the Earl of Carlisle.

M. WINTERHALTER, the painter, is at Vienna, for the purpose of taking a portrait of the Empress of Austria.

MR. ALEXANDER LAWRENCE, nephew of the Viceroy of India, has been killed by the fall of a bridge.

AUSTRIA has, it is stated, dispatched a Minister to the Court of King George of Greece.

THE NUMBER OF PERSONS WHO PERISHED IN 1863 FROM WRECKS was 620, while in 1862 it was 690.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS is to get £3000 for his forthcoming novel in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and liberty to publish it separately.

MR. GEORGE PEABODY, the eminent City banker and distinguished philanthropist, has just retired from the firm of which he has long been the head.

A DIODON, OR BASKING SHARK, weighing nearly 7 cwt., was captured at Newquay, Cornwall, about a mile from the shore, on Saturday last.

ABOUT £30,000 has been expended in the restoration of Worcester Cathedral; £32,000 more is required; of this last sum nearly £17,000 has been already subscribed.

GREAT COMPLAINT is made in JUTLAND of the severe and increasing exactions put in force by the Prussian commander for the support of the army of occupation.

EMPLOYMENT is RAPIDLY FALLING OFF in the cotton-manufacturing districts, and a great increase of destitution is the result.

A SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION in Architecture and "Estimating" is to be formed in connection with the Royal Engineer establishment at Chatham.

TWO MONSTER TURTLES, weighing 4 cwt. each, were brought to Southampton by the last West India steamer.

THERE ARE NOW IN FRANCE six cardinals, 155 vicars-general, 600 canons, 3396 curés, 29,630 acting priests, 10,000 assistants, 30,000 seminarists, and 50,000 belonging to other religious bodies. Grand total, 123,841 churchmen.

THE CONFEDERATE GENERAL HOOD is described by a person who has recently seen him as a "white-headed, homely, spindle-shanked fellow, about thirty-two years of age, and over six feet tall. Has been pretty well hacked to pieces; one leg gone, an arm useless, a lot of bruised ribs, and a broken collar-bone."

THE COSTLY AND MAGNIFICENT NEW CUSTOM HOUSE AT QUEBEC, only finished in 1860, was destroyed by fire on the evening of the 10th of September. In beauty of architecture no building in Quebec could be compared with it.

A MOBILE PAPER has the following in its impression of Aug. 25:—"During one of the intensely hot days of last week more than three hundred sick and wounded Yankees died at Andersonville. We thank heaven for such blessings."

THE TOTAL NUMBER OF WRECKS AND CASUALTIES from all causes reported during the year 1863 is 2001, against 1827 reported in 1862. The number is above the number reported during any one of the eight years preceding, and is 661 above the annual average of the eight years ending 1862.

TWELVE LIVE CROCODILES have just been landed at Havre from New York. The animals average 9 ft. in length, and are intended for public exhibition.

COLONEL FRESNEY, the oldest soldier in France, died a few days ago, aged 106 years.

THE OPERATIVE BOOKBINDERS OF PARIS have handed to their employers a petition, bearing 400 signatures, praying that their day's work may be reduced from twelve to ten hours and that their wages should be fixed at the present pay. They also demand that overtime shall be paid at an increase of 25 per cent.

GENERAL GARIBALDI has written the following letter to the editor of the *Movimento*:—"Caprera, Sept. 26.—Sir,—I beg of you to insert the following in your excellent journal. It is said that there are circulating in England bills of exchange purporting to bear my signature. I beg to say that such signatures are false, as I have not signed any bills of exchange for any sum or for any person.—G. GARIBALDI."

MR. DAVID MORRIS, M.P. for Llanelli and Carmarthen, having died, there are indications of a sharp contest for the vacant seat. W. Morris, a nephew of the deceased gentleman, being spoken of in the Liberal interest; and Mr. J. Gwyn Jeffries, who is connected by marriage with some of the principal families of Llanelli and district, as a Conservative candidate.

THE ADMIRALTY have called upon Messrs. Binnie, the Thames Ship-building Company, and three other firms, to supply tenders for the construction of a novel armour-plated gun-vessel, to be of the same size as the *Viper*, now building at Poplar. The novelty in this vessel does not consist in the hull, but in the machinery by which she is to be propelled, and which is to be constructed according to plans supplied by Mr. Ruthven.

THE INCENDIARISM which spread such consternation over the Yorkshire Wolds last Autumn threatens to break out this year both in that county and in Lincolnshire. Several serious fires have occurred on the Yorkshire Wolds within the last few days; and on Saturday night there was a fire at Scawby, and on Monday night there was another near Barton, in Lincolnshire, all of which, it is believed, were the work of incendiaries.

AN ANCIENT BARROW was opened a few days ago near Whitechurch, in Hants. It measured eighty feet in circumference and four feet in height, and was composed of chalk, rubble, and flints. A small crushed urn, four skeletons, three those of adults, and the other of a girl of about twelve years old, and a small sun-baked urn filled with calcined bones and ashes, and nine small, rudely-chipped flint arrow-heads were found in the barrow.

MR. WILLIAM TAIT, publisher, and the original proprietor of *Tait's Magazine*, died in Edinburgh on Tuesday morning, aged seventy-two.

THE HON. G. WALDEGRAVE LESLIE, Liberal, has been returned for Hastings by a majority of 41 over Mr. F. F. Robertson, Conservative; the numbers at the close of the poll being:—Leslie, 633; Robertson, 592.

MR. COMMISSIONER FANE died on Tuesday, at Weymouth. His death was somewhat sudden. The learned gentleman had presided in the Bankruptcy Court since the year 1832. It is believed that he will be succeeded by Mr. Registrar Winslow.

A MEETING OF DELEGATES from several countries has taken place at Paris relative to the sugar duties. Some agreement has been come to regarding terms for a general diplomatic convention, to be carried out within a month.

THE DAILY CONSUMPTION OF OYSTERS IN PARIS, notwithstanding their high price—ranging from 80c. to 100c. per dozen—is between 7000 and 8000 baskets. Each basket contains 150; so that Paris requires daily from 1,050,000 to 1,200,000 of these molluscs—a total of 36,000,000 a month, or 228,000,000 for the eight months written with the letter R, during which oysters are in season.

A GENTLEMAN entered one of the Manchester banks and presented a cheque for £280 for payment. He elected to take the money in four £50 notes, and £80 in gold. While counting the gold he deposited the notes in a bag which he temporarily placed in his coat pocket. On looking for the bag afterwards, in order to put the gold with the notes, he found it missing. The perpetrator of the adroit and daring robbery escaped undetected.

M. BABINET, of the French Institute, has discovered the means of cooking without fire. He has just laid before the Academy the result of his experiments. His recipe is:—Place your food in a black pot, covered with sundry panes of glass, and stand it in the sun. The water soon boils, and the food is said to be of better flavour than if cooked in the ordinary way. But we are approaching a season when, in London at least, it will hardly do to trust to the sun as a substitute for a kitchen fire.

AT THE BANBURY PETTY SESSIONS, last week, the district surveyor having summoned several persons whose cattle he had impounded, with a view to recover the penalty of £5 in each case, it was discovered that the amended Act of last Session, while enacting that the owner of stray cattle should be liable to fine, had entirely repealed the only clause in the old Act which gave authority for impounding them, and had omitted to re-enact it. The cases were consequently dismissed.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

I HAVE this week to plead guilty of having committed a stupid blunder. In your paper of September 24 I robbed Mr. Digby Seymour of a speech and gave it to Mr. Danby Seymour. When this blunder first confronted me I was as much startled as Macbeth was when the ghost of Banquo arose before him, and could have sworn that "twas not I did it." But, alas! on examining my file of papers I soon discovered that the blunder was really mine, and nobody else's, and I also found out how it happened. Cursory casting my eye over my paper one morning, I saw Mr. Digby Seymour's speech. "So," said I to myself, "here is material for my next Lounger," and, taking a pair of scissors I clipped out the speech. But, unfortunately, I did not clip out the heading. When, however, I was about to put the excerpt into the pigeon-hole of my desk, seeing that there was no heading, I wrote upon the margin, "Mr. Seymour's speech." After this I had perplexing business to transact, in latitudes far away from all this, and so it happened that when I returned to this speech a fixed idea got into my head, how I know not—who can tell how thoughts come into the mind?—that it was Mr. Danby Seymour, and not Mr. Digby Seymour, who delivered this speech. This is the true state of the case. And now I have nothing more to do but to cry "Peccavi!" and apologise to both honourable members. To Mr. Digby Seymour, for having robbed him of a speech which no doubt he is proud of; and to Mr. Danby Seymour, for having attributed to him a speech the delivery of which he would consider no honour. Of course, all my remarks upon this speech fall to the ground. It was not Mr. Henry Danby Seymour, of Poole, that advocated household and hinted at manhood suffrage; but Mr. William Digby Seymour, of Southampton, who is in every way quite a different man. Mr. Henry Seymour has not changed or "expanded," as I expressed it. He remains as he was in 1850, when he first came into Parliament—"a Liberal; in favour of civil and religious liberty and a gradual extension of the suffrage"—a moderate reformer, in short; and, generally, an able man and a cultured gentleman. His book, entitled "Russia on the Black Sea," &c., embodying his travels in the Crimea, is, as I can testify—having read it through during the war, when we were all anxious to know something more than we knew on this subject—really a very able and exhaustive work. And now, having confessed my error and made the *amende honorable*, I pass on to other subjects.

The Earl of Carlisle has resigned the viceroyship of Ireland, and is succeeded by Baron Wodehouse. Lord Carlisle was appointed Lord Lieutenant the second time in June, 1859. He has therefore held the office over five years. His Lordship was popular in Ireland, and I believe that it is generally acknowledged that he performed the duties of his office to the entire satisfaction of the Government. To say that he entirely satisfied the people of Ireland would be to say too much—no Lord Lieutenant ever did that—but he pleased the moderate men of all parties, and that is all that he could be expected to do. Lord Wodehouse, who is now to mount the viceregal throne, is a young man to take so high a post. He is thirty-eight years old. He once held the office of Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in the Earl of Clarendon's Government. After that he was Minister Plenipotentiary at St. Petersburg. He was sent there in May, 1856, immediately after the proclamation of peace. The Wodehouse family derive from a gentleman who was knighted by Henry I. Their crest, arms, mottoes, &c., were granted to Sir John Wodehouse for knightly conduct on the field of Agincourt. They are a Norfolk family. The salary of Lord Lieutenant is £20,000 a year; but this is not all that we have to pay to keep up the state of vicerealty. About £7000 more is annually voted by Parliament, of which the Private Secretary and his clerks take £820; four Aides-de-Camp to the Lord Lieutenant, £161 18s. 4d. each; total, £647 13s. 4d. The Steward to the Household, £505 19s. 4d.; the Comptroller, £413 13s. 4d.; the Chamberlain, £200; the Gentleman Usher, £200; two Gentlemen at Large, whatever they may be, £128 18s. 8d., or £257 17s. 4d. the two; Master of the Horse, £200; Surgeon to the Household, £100; Chaplain, £184 12s. 8d., &c. The salaries of these officials are none of them large; and, if there must be a mimic Court in Dublin, £27,000 a year does not appear to me to be extravagant. But we must remember that this mimic Court is all superfluous. It is acknowledged by all that the Government of Ireland might be carried on quite as well without it as with it. The Irishmen, however, like it, and it is a splendid piece of patronage; and, this being so, it is hardly likely that the office will be abolished. The Chief Secretary for Ireland is really the responsible Governor. He receives £4000 a year salary and an allowance of £425 for fuel; his Under Secretary, £1900, £375 for fuel, and £205 5s. for retired military pay. The total cost of the Chief Secretary's office is about £17,000 a year.

One fine day, about a month ago, I was sitting on the brow of Loughrigg, in Westmorland, when I got into conversation with a shepherd, who was kind enough to point out to me objects worth notice, and I remember that he told me that, under the cover of a plantation which I could see in the valley below, there was a gunpowder manufactory belonging to a London company. "Did it ever blow up?" said I. "No; never." "Do you live near it?" "No; I should not like to live near it." I sympathised with my friend, and began to think what would happen if the factory were to explode. There would be a wonderful roar among the mountains (I said to myself), and possibly some of those cottages and homesteads would be damaged; but I had no accurate idea then, as I have now, what mischief an explosion of the sort would cause, and what desolation it would make in that lovely valley; for at no great distance there is, though scattered, a considerable population. But what brings this factory to my mind is this—some of the gunpowder which exploded at Belvedere came from this factory; for this is the "Elterwater factory," called so because it is very near "Elterwater," a pretty lake about four miles from Ambleside, on the road from that place to Dungeon Ghyll, just under Langdale Pikes, and notable for a splendid waterfall called Dungeon Ghyll Force. Little did I think, on that beautiful morning, as I sat on Loughrigg, looking down into the valley, that the factory there

would be so soon associated with so dire an event as that which has just happened at Belvedere.

I have read in *Esop*, or elsewhere, a fable about a monkey or a fox who, having been caught in a trap and escaped with the loss of his tail, went about to his brother monkeys or foxes to preach that tails were entirely useless, and to persuade them to amputate these appendages forthwith. I thought of this fable when I read Dr. Manning's lucubrations in the press. The Reverend Doctor has been caught in a trap—the old, Popish trap—and been shorn of his liberty, and now he is earnestly persuading us to sacrifice our liberties also, as being not merely useless but dangerous. Some of the magazines and newspapers have taken to seriously answering the Reverend Doctor; but it appears to me that the answer which the monkeys or the foxes gave to the proposal of their mutilated brother would be most appropriate. They met the proposition, if I mistake not, with shouts of laughter. What! most Reverend Doctor, after all that it cost England to get rid of the Papal yoke, do you seriously imagine that we shall put it on again? The Doctor complains that the English reason too much. Yea, verily, far too much to fall into such a hole as that which the Doctor places before us. But awful slippish stuff is all this deprecation of reason. Is not reason the gift of Heaven? But if we look at the Doctor's argument, it amounts to this—We are to shut our eyes, that lie and the like of him may ensnare us. But do not they reason, after a manner? Here is a logical nut for the Doctor to crack:—You reason, Doctor, that it is dangerous to trust to reason; but you, in so reasoning, do trust to reason, and, *ergo*, incur the penalty. Rely upon it that no harm came to any man since the world began from reasoning, provided the reasoning be true reasoning. Nor is there any antagonism between reason and faith; nay, true faith is but the highest reasoning, and faith without reasoning is superstition. Forgive this bit of polemics. I do but follow in the wake of the leading journals—the *Times* and others.

I foretold that Mr. George Waldegrave Leslie would be member for Hastings, and he is. He had, however, a hard tussle for the seat, though he beat Mr. Robertson by a respectable majority at last. What the numbers are the morning papers will reveal to you. Whilst I am writing, the true state of the poll is not known at the clubs. At Brooks's he is said to have twenty-nine majority; at the Reform considerably more. However, he is in; and I am glad he is; and now a career is open to him. I would bet a trifle that before a couple of years shall have passed over his head he will be in office, provided always that the Whigs hold the government; which I would bet another trifle they will do. For Mr. Waldegrave Leslie has ability, not, perhaps, to speak, but to work, which is better, and he has influence to back him; for he is connected, nearly or remotely, with a good many of the Whig families.

I hear of a new publication, intended for the drawing-room table. It is to be called *Naudin's Biographical and Photographic Portfolio*. The photograph in the first number is to show the lawn before Mr. Charles Dickens's house at Gadshill—present, Mr. Charles Dickens himself, the members of his family, his son-in-law, Mr. Charles Alliston Collins, and Mr. Fechter. A memoir of each public celebrity is to fill up the pages devoted to type and printer's ink. This will give you some idea of the intention of the work, which is to appear monthly.

Having mentioned a new monthly about to appear, let me say a word of a new weekly that has appeared. The *Orator* announces itself as "a Treasury of English Eloquence, containing Selections from the most celebrated Speeches in the English Tongue." I am not aware that there is any published collection of the speeches of our best orators, therefore this work will have a chance of doing what all new works profess to do, "of supplying a want which has long been felt." This is a talking age. As a Yankee might say, "Sir, it is our proud and peculiar proclivity to *orate*." In the recess, M.P.'s harangue their constituencies; gentlemen of the vestry like to hear their own voices; most people in the course of their lives have at public dinners to propose the health of somebody for doing something admirably, or for doing nothing opportunely, or for having bred the fattest cow or grown the finest azalea, or for having distributed the silver cups at the annual meeting of the Voluntary Association for Rearing Infant Minds and Teaching Young Ideas how to Shoot for Rifle Prizes. A *recueil choisi* of the best efforts of our greatest minds and tongues will be serviceable to these well-intentioned but somewhat prosy folks. The most charming thing in the number of the *Orator* before me is Sheridan's marvellous speech on "Filial Piety."

Spirit-rapping, table-turning, and the spiritual manifestation hocus-pocus generally, have of late been languishing. Rosewood, walnut, oak, elm, ash, ebony, and mahogany have ceased to be inspired, and returned to their normal condition of silence. Flap dining-tables have given over communicating and receiving messages from Julius Caesar, Ben Brummel, and the late Mr. Greenacre. Dr. Samuel Johnson and the Rev. John Wesley have had a quiet time, and have not been "summoned" by living sensation-seekers or asked impertinent personal questions. In the language of the markets, "Ghosts have hung heavy, and spirit-writing lies on hand;" but within the last fortnight two new "stars" have arisen who bid fair to divide the London public in the usual way—that is, to separate the insane and half-cracked from the sane and reasoning. The Messrs. Davenport, the new stars, are said to accomplish extraordinary feats. As Albert Smith's Engineer would have remarked, "Perhaps they do, and perhaps they don't!" Not having seen them I can express no opinion; but I may quote from an article which has been republished from the *Toronto Globe* of Sept. 16. Remember that the words are those of our "colonial contemporary," as some writers who love long words and alliteration would rejoice in calling the Toronto journal:—

SPIRITUAL HUMBUG EXPOSED.—THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.—A short time since, two men, representing themselves by advertisement to be the "Davenport Brothers," paid a visit to this city, and performed what they claimed to be "spiritual manifestations."

From what follows it would appear that a Mr. Fay is *lié* with the Davenport Brothers, and that at Cleveland, Pennsylvania, the Reverend A. S. Dobbs challenged Fay, and said that whatever Fay did or professed to do by spiritual means, he, the Reverend A. S. Dobbs, would accomplish by means as natural as the growth of small potatoes. Furthermore, deponent—that is, the *Toronto Globe*, quoting the *Cleveland Herald*—saith that the Reverend A. S. Dobbs, at a public meeting in Brainard's Hall, went through every feat as slick as an oiled alligator:—

Mr. Dobbs then proceeded to explain to the audience the whole minute of these barefaced humbugs. He was tied in a chair by the committee on the stage, in the full glare of the gaslight, where all had a good view, and untied himself with the greatest ease, and in a very short space of time. He demonstrated fully how the knots were tied, and lucidly explained how the "tricks in the box" were accomplished. He did many more remarkable things during the evening than we have mentioned; but, as they are all done in a similar way, it is unnecessary to go into further detail. Suffice it to say that it was a most searching, thorough, and successful exposition of one of the vilest, boldest swindles and humbugs ever practised upon a confiding community; and the Rev. Mr. Dobbs deserves the thanks of all who hold religion sacred, and we hope he will not give up the good work commenced, but will follow not only Fay, but those other swindlers, the Davenport Boys, and expose them in every town in which they may attempt to exhibit.

Well! America is a strange country, and we mere Britishers will never thoroughly understand their institutions. Here is a clergyman appearing "on the stage in the full glare of the gaslight," and allowing himself to be tied up in a box, and then ringing bells, beating drums, and conjuring with flour. Imagine a minister of the Church of England going through such a performance! What would his Bishop say—and his friends—and his congregation? *Per contra*, Mr. Fay has written to the daily papers to say that he had left America and was on the broad Atlantic on the day on which the *Cleveland Herald* describes his defeat at the hands of the Reverend Dobbs. Who shall decide when newspapers and spirit-rappers disagree? Apropos, I have an idea for Mr. Gladstone. Why not compel spirit-rappers to take out a license? or, in default thereof, to suffer such pains and penalties as the Act directs? No spirit to be drawn from the wood after one o'clock a.m., according to the recent police regulation.

Mlle. Linas Martorelle, the distinguished Spanish soprano, who,

together with her sister, Mlle. Emma, achieved great success at the concerts of the nobility in London during the last season, and also at Barcelona in the previous spring, is likely, it is said, to be among the debutantes at the Italian Opera in Paris, next season.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

In accordance with historical chronology, the "First Part of Henry IV." has been followed by the "Second Part of Henry IV.," at DURY LANE. And here let me take the opportunity of saying that I have always fancied that Shakspeare must have peculiarly enjoyed the writing of this chronicle-play. After the stormy rebellion led by Hotspur and the Douglas, and immediately before the fierce chivalric war conducted by Henry V. in France, there was an interval of repose, time, as it were, for the poet to luxuriate, and—after his grand historical efforts, fierce denunciations, crooked policy, clang of arms, and rush of armed hosts—to revel after the fashion of Teniers, and pourtray the interiors of taverns, sea-coal fires, leather-jerked varlets sleeping, their doublets unbuttoned and their hose down at heel, upon ale-house benches; to give conversations and permit characters to develop themselves; in a word, to rest upon his oars and to let the broad, majestic stream of his own fancy carry him whither it listed, until he girded up his loins for the great Agincourt race.

For the revival of a play so seldom acted we have to thank Mr. Phelps not only for his famous impersonation of Justice Shallow, but also for his assumption of the worn-out Bolingbroke; Mr. Phelps, like Garrick in the picture, is seen between tragedy and comedy at the same time. Country cousins, even in these days of railways and excursion trains, will "astonish themselves," as the French say, that the stately King, so mournfully impressed with the sense of approaching death, so sorrowing over the vices of his son, so tenderly reproving and so clingingly paternal, can be acted by the same man as that spare, withered Justice of the Peace; that servile, garrulous potterer and totterer; that infirm, loquacious squire who repeats and reiterates every phrase he utters for fear that the subject-matter of the conversation should escape from his loose memory, who, though assured by the younger and fatter fool in the commission of the peace "and quorum, too," that old Double is dead, cannot realise the fact of the death of one he knew so well in life. Perhaps one of the chief excellencies of this wonderful portrayal is that, despite mendacity, imbecility, corruption, and natural idiocy, Justice Shallow, as a Shakspearean portrait presented to the public by Mr. Phelps, never ceases to be a gentleman—of course, I mean a country gentleman of four or five centuries ago—Robert Shallow. *Esquire*, a franklin and athane. I have exhausted so much of the space allotted to me—and I should like to write half a dozen columns on Mr. Phelps's wonderfully suggestive performance—that I can only say that Mr. Barrett's Falstaff was a painstaking performance; that Mr. Edmund Phelps as the future hero of Agincourt looked every inch a Prince, and gave evidences of considerable improvement; that Mr. Raynor was a sonorous and impressive Lord Chief Justice, and Mr. Robert Roxby an infinitely too-extravagant Pistol. Pistol, of course, should swagger, be bombastic of action, and loud of voice; but he should also be sham-grand and mock-heroic, not wilfully coarse, after the manner of "heavy villains" in modern extravaganzas. Mrs. H. Vandenhoff was too ladylike for Hostess Quickly. That easily-excitable, too-impressionable tavern-keeper was the "Mrs. Brown" of her period. She mandered on in the same way, and all prospective Dame Quicklys (is it *Quicklys* or *Quicklies*?) cannot do better than visit the Egyptian Hall, and listen to the "creation" of Mr. Arthur Sketchley.

Mr. Craven's drama of "Milky White" at the STRAND improves upon acquaintance. Its plot is simple and natural, and, as is always the case when plots are simple and natural, highly effective. Daniel White, unpopularly known as Milky White, is a dairyman, unprincipled, aggressive, and litigious, and as deaf as a door post. He has one good point, but one—love for his daughter. His Annie is the apple of his eye, the core of his heart, the cream of an existence that but for her would be all curds, county-court summonses, hatred, malice, uncharitableness, vindictiveness, and whey. A young "vet," the medical adviser of Mr. White's cows, loves and is beloved by Mr. White's daughter; but all unknown to Mr. White. The aspiring young "cow leech" wishes to cut bovine practice and feel the pulses and purses of his fellow-men. He has devoted himself to the aurist's science, and proposes to restore "Milky's" hearing by means of an operation. The operation succeeds, and the rascally old milkman, for the first time in his misspent life, delightedly drinks in the sound of his daughter's voice as she sings and touches the chords of the piano; but the fond father finds that the restoration of a sense has its pains as well as pleasures—"Audi alteram partem!" True, he can hear his Annie's bell-tones—he can also hear the hooting and reviling of the village urchins; and, terrible blow! he listens to a conversation between his daughter and a cowboy—one Dick Dugs—and, catching the syllables imperfectly, fancies he hears his Annie wish that he was dead, that she might marry and be happy. Intense rage succeeds to astonishment; he bundles his cowboy and his medical adviser out of the house, and turns his daughter from his door. In the second act he is seen in his bedroom, his child's portrait still hung in the place of honour, as if mildly reproaching him for his cruelty. He is alone, and has resolved to starve himself to death. What to him is this quintessence of milk? Let the cows starve too! He will turn his ungrateful child's portrait to the wall and die! Mrs. Sadrip, a neighbour, arrives with an odorous savoury breakfast. Grief, though bitter, must be fed. Eventually all is explained. His daughter always loved him—despite his cruelty, loves him still. She is promised to the man of her heart. Dickey Dugs, who is also a "true lover," howls with disappointment; and the reformed, repentant old milkman proposes to Mrs. Sadrip.

The dialogue of the piece is written with admirable cleverness, the mal-à-propos answers and questions of the deaf man blending and contrasting with the conversation around him with excellent harmony of contrast. "Milky White" was written for the late Mr. Robson, who studied the character and rehearsed it for some days. Mr. Craven has evidently carefully "nursed" the late comedian's peculiar power of depicting opposite and contending emotions at one and the same time. The dialogue is studded with Robsonian "bits." "My daughter! I never want to hear speak of her again. *Where did she sleep last night?*" and again, "I loathe the sight of food; don't offer it me; *I'll finish the bread and butter, though!*" are among the morsels of ambiguous emotion (pray pardon this tall talk) that I can remember. For the acting, Mr. Craven looks the avacious old litigant to the life, and until he endeavours to pourtray the passion and the pathos of the part is all that could be wished. The "deaf expression" of the hard, cunning face is marvellously real. Mr. Stoye was a capital rustic lout—heavy, clownish, and humorous. His "get up" had but one fault—it was too clean, and cleanliness ceases to be a virtue when it is out of character. Morland's pig-feeders carry clay all about them, and "a crewyard canary" has no business with a snowy plumage. The other parts were well sustained. At each fall of the curtain the author-actor, or actor-author, was called for to bow his acknowledgments; and at the end of the piece, in answer to the general plaudits, everybody filed before the footlights linked hand in hand in the customary chain, as if they had met for purposes of electricity and expected the shock to be agreeable.

Mlle. Beatrice Lucchesini, who made her appearance on Monday at the HAYMARKET, was received with great warmth and heartiness. This latest Parisian candidate for London favour is of tall, elegant figure; has an elegant bearing and manner, and a sweet, rich, but not a powerful voice. She carefully avoids the "sensational," she never "exploits" an emotion—a favourite tone of voice—or throws herself into a pet photographic attitude. As Madlle. de Belle-Isle—suffering, persecuted, tongue-tied by a dreadful vow—she was a lady *avant tout*. And this by no means implies that she is not possessed of tragic depth and intensity; on the contrary, when she accused the libertine Duke of uttering a lie, she towered grandly. We are so accustomed on the English stage to exaggeration, to Dutch-

metalling refined gold, to whitewashing the lily, and steeping our violets in lavender-water, that conscientious truth to nature appears to us to be over-tameness. An actor once said to me, "A British audience likes their acting overbaked, steaming from a red-hot oven, with heaps of seasoning and stuffing made of pepperpods and capsi-cums!" And, apropos of the word British, let me say that, for a foreigner, Mlle. Beatrice's manner is by no means Continental. She is very quiet and reserved, and reminded me strongly of that admirable actress Mlle. Favart, of the Théâtre Français. On the great question of "pronunciation" I am happy to say that our latest import from the Parisian stage is far ahead of her predecessors. Every word she utters is perfectly intelligible, and her accent is as slight as it is piquant. At our theatres it is amusing enough to hear auditors without a $\frac{1}{2}$ to the roof of their mouths say that "they yate the nasty French nasal laccet." Doubtless they prefer that of their native hills—Holborn and Pentonville. Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble has treated Dumas's play after a thorough Kemble, five-act fashion; that is, she has restored it to its original length, and grafted on it a Shakspearean slip from "All's Well that Ends Well." The plot of "Mlle. de Belle Isle" hinges on a wager made by the notorious Duke de Richelieu that he would obtain an appointment with the first woman he encountered. The first lady who passes is Mlle. de Belle Isle. How the imbroglio is complicated by the mistress of the Minister in power passing herself off as the fair Gabrielle; by the jealousy of Gabrielle's lover, who believes her as guilty as the Duke; by a duel with dice, in which the loser is "on honour" to kill himself, and other moving but improbable incidents, let those who are curious visit the Haymarket and discover. I will content myself by saying that in Mrs. Kemble's version it is Richelieu's betrothed deserted wife who wins him back, despite himself, to the path of rectitude—a very bold and clever expedient very excellently worked out. A word of commendation for Messrs. Howe and Farren, and for Miss Louisa Angel, respectively as the Duke, the lover, and the deserted bride.

For several weeks past the walls of London have been placarded with coloured woodcuts of Mazeppa tied on the back of the wild horse; and, though this is by no means an extraordinary method of announcing a novelty, the special point of the woodcut was that the rider wore little more apparel than the horse. Mazeppa was nearly as nude as the wild steed, and certainly not half so well clothed as the wolves and vultures who followed him on aldermanic thoughts intent. But this was not all. It was announced that a time-honoured spectacular drama was to be revived at Astley's with a gorgeous splendour, which, &c., &c.; and that "Miss Adah Isaacs Menken," a star from the American and Californian theatrical firmaments, would appear as Mazeppa; and that "Miss Adah Isaacs Menken ascended the fearful precipices on horseback, and fights her combats, which has hitherto been done by deputy." This was the sensation. One of the gentler sex was to be bound to a barebacked steed, ascend precipices, and fight combats. The words "which has hitherto been done by deputy" mean that it has been usual for the performers of Mazeppa to have "a double," who was shaken over the loftier platforms, but that Miss Adah Isaacs Menken disdained such artifice. These puffs preliminary caused a great stir among the theatrical and hippo-dramatic public, and on Monday the doors of ASTLEY'S had not long been opened before the house was crowded. My limits will not permit me to give a detailed account of the performances. It must suffice, therefore, that though Miss Adah Isaacs Menken does not appear so scantily attired as the coloured figure in the poster, there is still a sufficiently lavish revelation of feminine symmetry to warrant spectators in pronouncing the exhibition as extraordinary. The new appearance acts with considerable animation, and attitudinises with great effect. Planché, in one of his wittiest extravaganzas, says of the Poses Plastiques that "they are an endless exhibition; that their termination cannot be anticipated,

Since every day they're less inclined to clothes;
Group follows group—each tableau has its brother
Trying, the wags say, to outstrip the other."

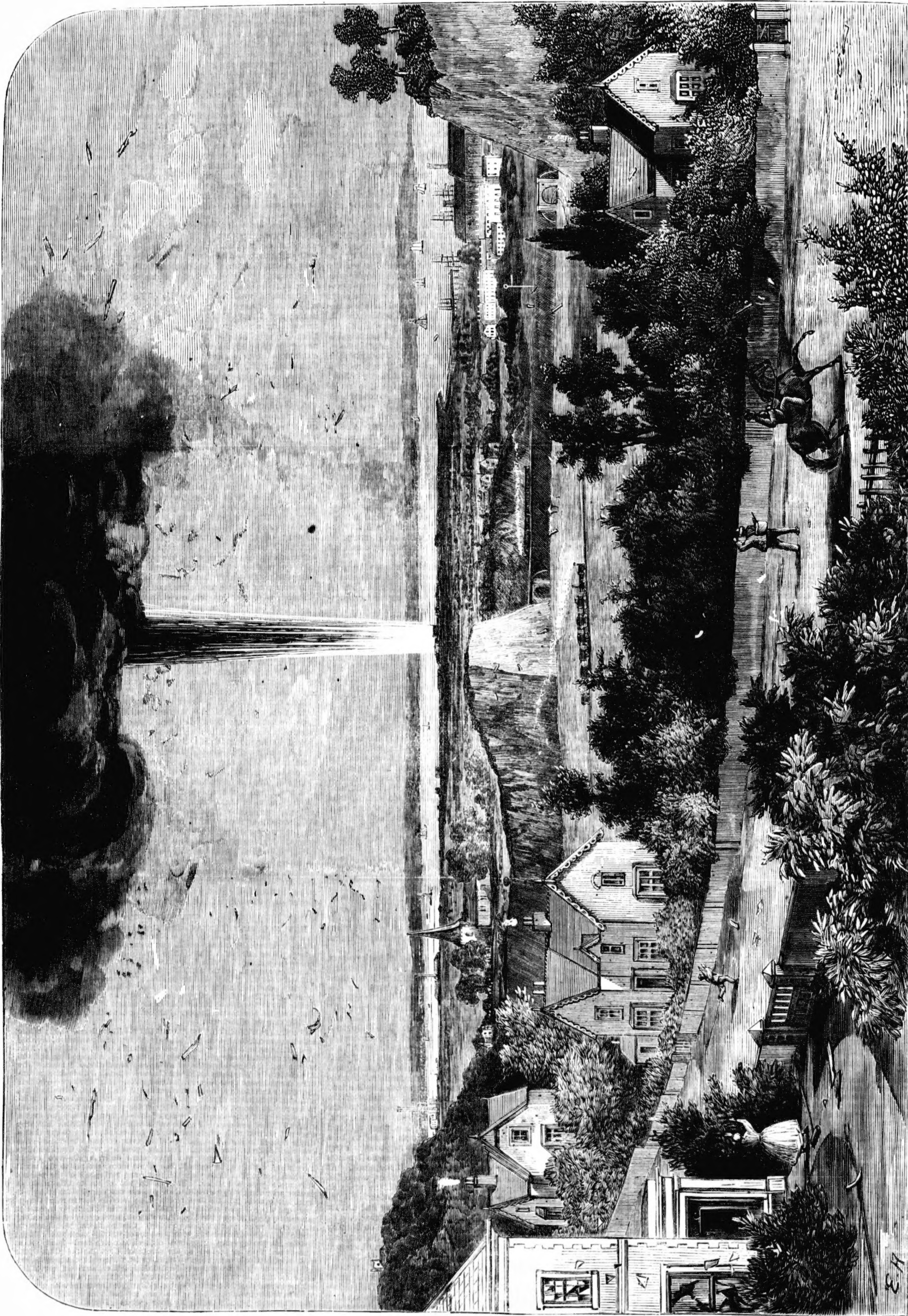
Whether the "revival" will be as attractive and profitable as has evidently been expected a few days will determine. Whether such an attempt to restore a taste for "classicality" will be successful, may safely be left to the public to decide.

Mr. John Collins, an Irish comedian and vocalist of Transatlantic reputation, appeared at the ADELPHI, on Monday, in the charming little comedietta of "The Irish Ambassador" and in the broad old farce of "Teddy the Tiler." It is now some years since Mr. Collins played in London; for his first success was in a semi-dramatic, semi-operative adaptation of Bulwer's novel of "Paul Clifford." As Sir Patrick O'Plenip and Teddy he gave the usual points with force and uncton, but seemed somewhat too conscious of the *imbroglio* of the situation and of the fun he was making. It is to be regretted that, in the song of "Widow Machree," the original words of that charming Irish ballad should be discarded, and new verses substituted, which, though they may have gratified the taste of the "boys" of New York, are infinitely too highly spiced for the palates of the audiences at the west end of London at all events. Mr. Buckstone's capital farce of "Good for Nothing," in which Miss Woolgar and Mr. John Clarke act with their usual artistic appreciation and effect, was played before the comedietta.

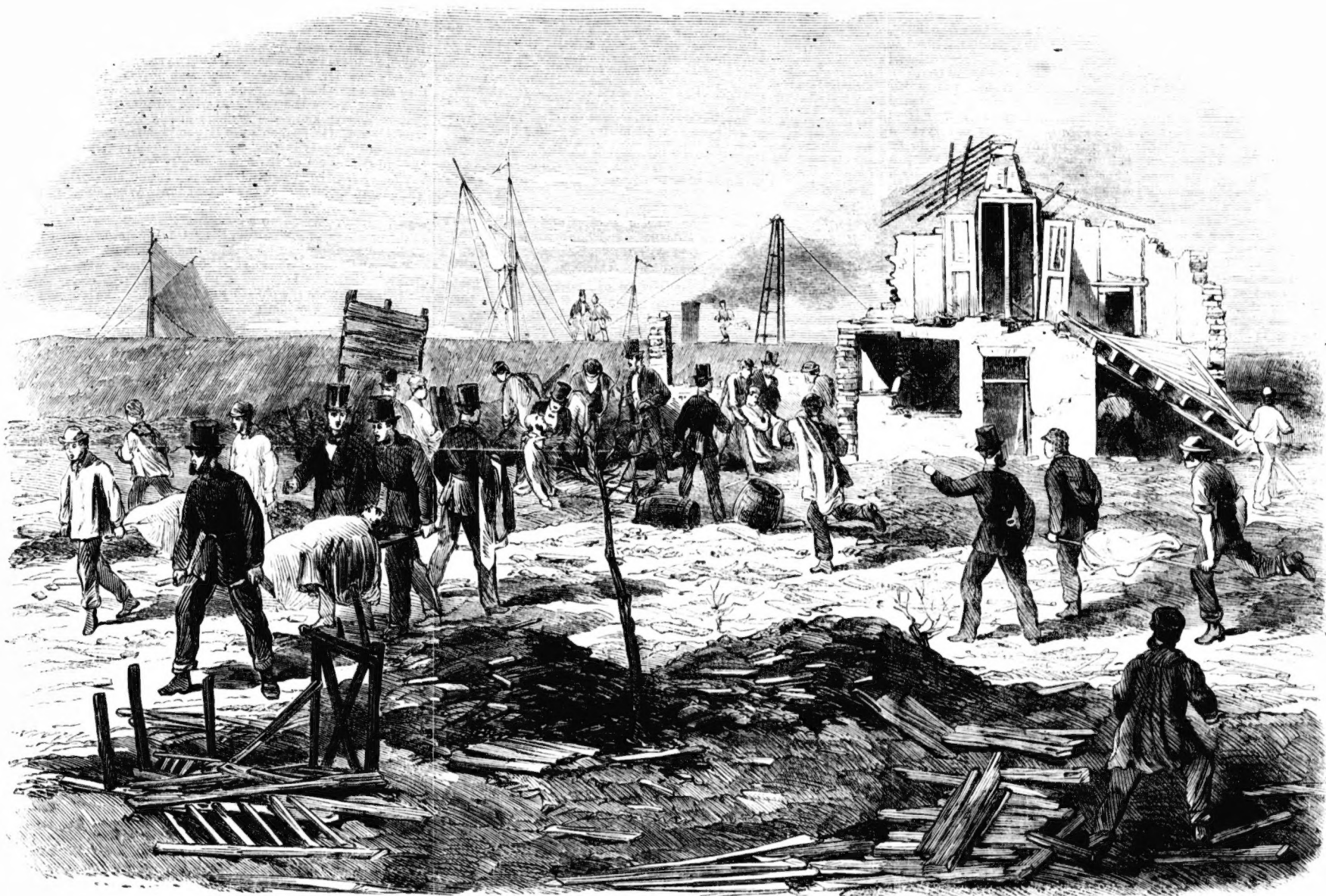
Here, then, is a theatrical lounge of such enormous length that I have not sufficient breath to notice Mr. James Anderson's comedy, at the SURREY, of "Fast Friends up a Tree; or, How to Shave the Governor," of which I hope to give an account next week.

HOW TO QUELL A MADMAN.—Lord Brougham told the following anecdote at the late meeting of the Social Science Congress:—Horne Tooke was sitting in a room by himself one day when in rushed a lunatic, flourishing a large bladed knife in his hand. The lunatic said, "You are Mr. Horne Tooke, are you not?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then," said the lunatic, "I will soon put an end to you." Horne Tooke answered, "If you do you will suffer for it." "Oh," said the madman, "I came out of Dr. Shipton's asylum to-day, and they can't punish me." Horne Tooke rejoined with great tact, "Then I suppose you don't know that a law was passed only to-day saying that all lunatics should be hanged?" "No, I didn't know that," replied the madman, instantly throwing down the knife in a tremor and sinking out of the room.

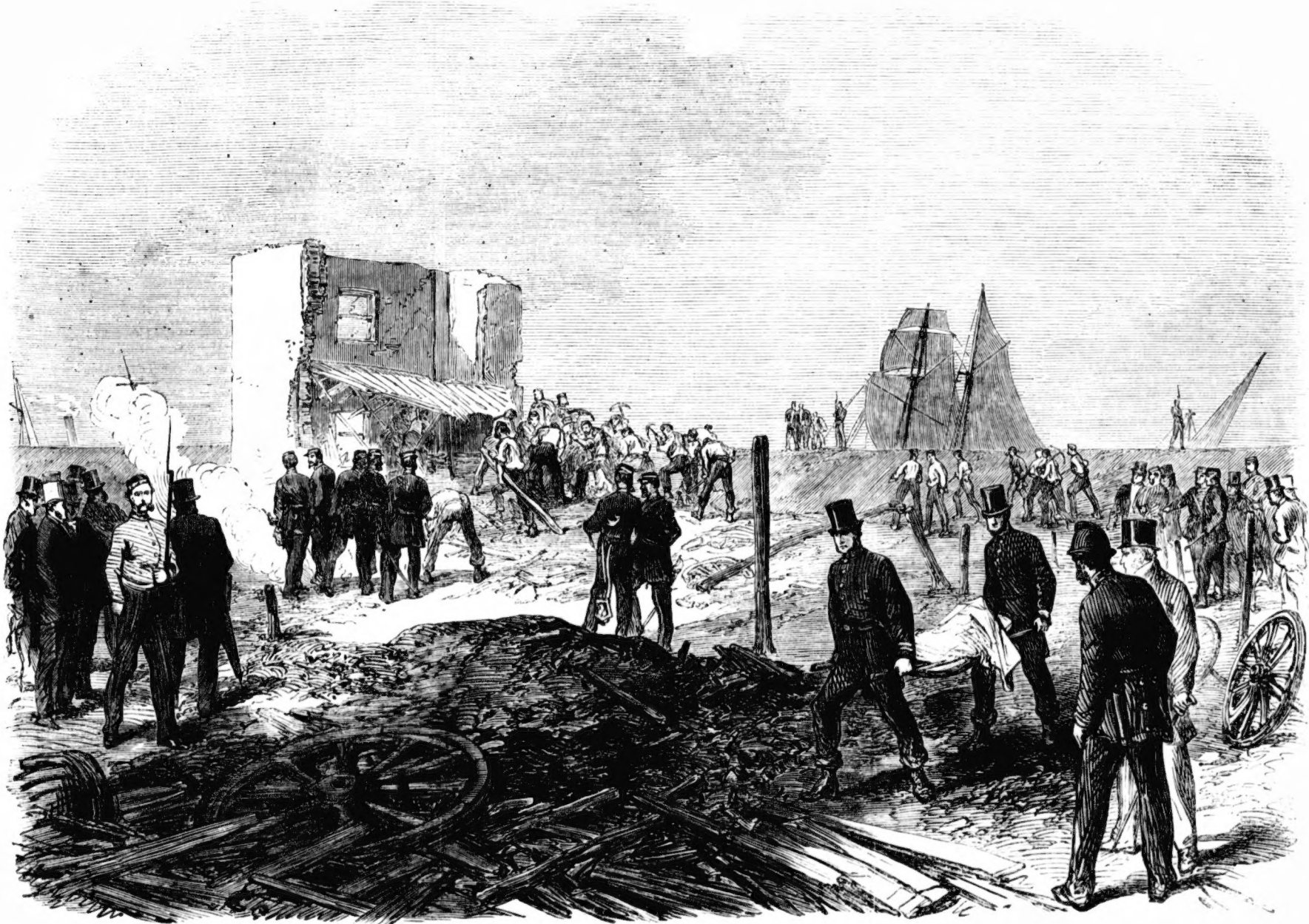
CORNELIUS O'DOWD ON THE ALPINE CLUB.—There is one society whose members are constantly thrusting themselves before public attention, inviting observation as to their doings, and asking interest for their exploits, which has ever appeared to me the most absurd, the most uninteresting, and the most barren of all useful results, of all known associations. I mean "The Alpine Club." Why men should form themselves into a club to climb mountains has no more common-sense in it than that they should unite to have their hair cut or their teeth extracted in common. A Whist Club, a Driving Club, a Cricket Club, has its significance. You want co-operation, and you unite to secure that amount of companionship which your pursuit requires; but what division of wit—what reciprocity of skill—is there in tramping over a glacier? What you need is a guide and a pair of strong shoes. But why associate yourself with others for this? You cannot affect to say that a single fact in science—a single useful or even curious observation—has ever resulted from your union. You have gone up to the Grands-Mulets or the Col du Géant, and you have come down again—two events interesting, doubtless, to yourself, but of no more moment to the world to which you publish them than the name and birthplace of the peasant who made your alpenstock. Now, I do not object to this mode of passing your time, only provided that you are not vainglorious enough to write letters about it in the newspapers. Be pleased to bear in mind that if every one was to record some remarkable incident in life, simply because it possessed a great interest for himself, we should have our newspapers filled with details more personal than pleasing. One gentleman would have to record his having drunk twenty-one tumblers of whisky-punch at a sitting; another his having eaten six pounds of beefsteak at a meal—feats just as curious and fully as perilous as the ascent of Mont Blanc. Climb your mountain, in God's name; go up eight or ten thousand feet above the sea, and take your fill of frostbites and ophthalmia and embarrassed respiration, and come down again when you've had enough of them; all I ask is, don't ask me to read about you—don't swagger down into Chamouni with the little band in front of you, as if you were a hero, and had done something beyond blistering your feet and inflaming your eyelids. For all that is useful in human nature, you are not a whit better than a dancing dervish. He, like you, puts himself out of the pale of society and Windsor soap for a period, and I never knew any one that liked his company the better for it.—*Blackwood's Magazine* for October.



THE EXPLOSION OF THE POWDER MAGAZINES NEAR ERITH, AS SEEN FROM THE ROAD TO BELVEDERE.—SEE PAGE 233



THE EXPLOSION OF THE POWDER MAGAZINES NEAR ERITH: THE FIRST SEARCH FOR THE DEAD AND WOUNDED.



REMOVING A DEAD BODY FROM THE SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION.—SEE PAGE 236.

Literature.

Tangled Talk. An Essayist's Holiday. Strahan and Co.

A book of essays, printed in old-fashioned style and bound quaintly, must soon become a dangerous venture for any publisher, spirited or otherwise. Not that "bevelled edges" are in themselves noxious; not that there can be the slightest objection to "antique calf," so long as it is all outside the book; not that any reader of taste will ever turn in preference from the printing types of a century since to the characterless castings of a characterless generation. "Give us the bevelled edges, the antique calf, the good old type in which so much comfortable and worthy literature is still to be read, but don't mock us with them," is the cry of many a poor critic at this hour. For that is what they have been doing lately—publishers and authors—to an over-reaching extent. At first we were deluded; there is no use in pretending we were not. It was impossible to believe, presumptuous to suspect, that the book which came before one in a guise like that of Mr. Addison going to Court and pondering mankind—of Sir Richard Steele discoursing at White's chocolate-house—or even (for that has been done) like unto Sir Thomas Browne homiletic at an urn—it was almost out of the question, we repeat, to suspect such a work of wanting those natural ingredients, wit and sense. To be sure, the perusal of the book was generally followed by dizziness, singing in the ears, and a certain privation of the faculties, to express which we must borrow a word originally invented by a Temple laundress, we believe; we mean "a sinking." But though these symptoms were unquestionable, the conservative mind of man refused to ascribe them readily to a book which had a title in Italian, and a beautiful barbaric scroll, all cupids and peacocks, over every chapter. Knowing was the author who first brought this little fact to the aid of his unsaleable stupidity, and he has had his reward. But let us warn his imitators that the trick cannot be repeated much oftener without detection. Already they are being found out. They have imposed upon the "general reader" with a most unparagoned cruelty; but even he must know, after coming two or three times to the table, that rapidity cannot satisfy, though it be served in a silver dish, and that the cook nauseates who is obliged by disreputable poverty to exhaust his skill on gutter scraps of wisdom and morals.

The provisions of the Fraudulent Trade Marks Act can hardly be made to apply to these offenders, we understand; but that something ought to be done to protect the interests of genuine authors and the inexpert public is clear. The innocent will be confounded with the guilty, the book of brains with the book of no-brains; as was very nearly the case with the volume which now lies before us. "Tangled Talk," to begin with, is a title so happy that it instantly arouses the worst suspicions. Again, the volume is handsomely printed; its title is set forth in antique lettering; it is solidly bound, in severe taste; altogether, it looks just like the books we buy to keep. Observing these circumstances, we hesitated to prejudice our minds against the work by reading it; preferring to record the perfectly unbiassed opinion that "here was a book doubtless well calculated to beguile the tedium of the winter evenings (now, alas! fast approaching) in many a suburban home." Or thus—"The very book for that delightful half-hour when the tea-urn is hissing on the table, when the best parlour kettle purrs upon the hob, and a good sea-coal fire is blazing on the hearth." For of course people who read reviews quite understand by this time (or if not they ought), that a "notice" in this vein means that the book is too stupid for criticism, but that the reviewer does not like to say so. But suppose we had dismissed "Tangled Talk" in this way—mised, as any critic might be, by its sterling appearance?—why, then we should have done injustice to a really good book—a book which displays in almost every page sound and original thought, a book which is worth buying to keep.

In these days we can say nothing more significant of the value of the book; its character is admirably shown in its title. It is the work of a true essayist, but it is not a collection of laborious essays; it is more like the many-coloured, ever-varying talk of a vivacious thinker, about with his friend on a summer holiday. There is scarcely any pretence to "exhaust" a subject—no pretence, we might say; but, sticking to his motto, the essayist always remembers that "the honourablest part of talk is to give the occasion, and again to moderate, and pass to somewhat else." Now, this is exactly what people who can think a little for themselves most enjoy. The "suggestive bits" in a discussion are often more fruitful, as well as more agreeable to the mind of the reader, than its closest argument or its most perfect demonstration. "Tangled Talk" is a mosaic of suggestive bits; or, since mosaic is a false image, let us say it is a skein of bright and broken threads, every one of which may readily be woven into the reader's own thoughts, adding colour and strength to them for the future. Only one thing we are bound to add. People who can't think a little for themselves—people who prefer to have their opinions settled for them by smooth and shallow doctors—need not trouble Mr. Strahan or Mr. Mudie for the book: it is not written for them.

And what does the Tangled Talker talk about? Many various and important things. From a long list of subjects, almost every one of which is lit up by a question, an idea, or an illustration, we take a few among those which have struck us most. "How Not to Observe," "The Highest Use of Friendship," "The Retempering of Peoples," "Plagiarism," "Confession," "The Kind Alternative," "Habits and Resolutions," "The Benevolence of Superiority," "Mercenary Moralists," "Unsent Letters," "The Accredited Incredible." In the very choice of subjects such as these one sees at once an original mind; in their treatment we often find a vigorous and ingenious one. "Did you ever consider what provision there is in nature for Secrecy?" the essayist writes, in the paper on Confession. "What tremendous natural checks there are upon talking, as well as what inducements to talk? What a small fragment that which is told (not to say that which is tellable) constitutes of what is said and done? How little of what is thought and said and done on this earth is intended to be told?" No. The question is new to most people, we suspect; as are many other sayings of inextinguishable significance scattered throughout the volume. It is richest in such suggestions; but we sometimes come upon a brief argument, too, and more than one outburst of passionate indignation against the social tyrannies which oppress conscience and individual character. The essayist's style is always good—free, unaffected, and pure; but in such passages as these it rises into real eloquence. If we were to be asked what he teaches, we should say "More liberty in life, more toleration in society; a little less haste in judging of conduct, a little more modesty in enforcing your views of what is the moral thing. Or, to put it more particularly, consider in all your dealings with others whether there is not a kind alternative, and choose it always." In one shape or another this teaching is to be found from end to end of the book: it even seems to enter into the essayist's principles of literary criticism.

And, now that we have said so much to show how good a book may be confounded with very bad ones, all because it is trim and handsome as they, we will take the liberty of quoting a quotation from "Tangled Talk." A pamphlet, entitled "Groans from the Gallows" falls under the author's observation, and he takes from it the following most touching story of

LOVE AND THE HANGMAN.

Society (says the pamphleteer) owes to Calcraft its pity, not its contempt, for the awful situation it places him in among his fellow-men by its barbarous institution of public executions. It punishes not him alone, but a fine family, of which he is the parent. As an illustration of this fact, it has been related to us on good authority that a young mechanic who courted one of his daughters, ignorant of her family at the time, had an invitation to meet her and partake of supper at a friend's house. The appointed night came; and the young woman, with a goodly number of friends of both sexes, were assembled, anxiously waiting the arrival of her lover. At length he was announced, and on entering the room was joyfully saluted by his sweetheart and the rest of the company, who welcomed him to the seat of honour at the supper-table. All around were smiling, happy faces; and now love-jokes were bandied from one to the other as the smoking viands were set before them. The young lover made

himself at home, and vowed he was the happiest of the happy. Each guest showed the politest attention to his neighbour, and the host bid the stranger help himself to the best of the feast. Every one was served, and about to eat and drink right merrily, when, hark! footsteps are heard on the stairs, the door, already half open, shows approaching from the dark landing the figure of a stout man of middle height, with remarkably determined-looking features, rather pock-marked, fair hair, and peering, bluish-gray eyes, who, on approaching the light, is announced by his name, and saluted "Father" by the young woman sitting beside the invited stranger, whose features now assume a corpse-like paleness as the startling fact suddenly flashed across his dizzy brain that he had been courting the hangman's daughter!—that he was going to sit at the same table with him, eat of the same joint, drink out of the same glass, and perhaps be asked to shake hands with him! It was horror to him. He trembled in every limb, was speechless, became seized with sickness and bowel-complaint. At last, summoning all his rapidly-failing strength into one superhuman effort ere he fell, with one sudden bound he ineffectually tried to jump over the table towards the door, and, overturning in all directions the dainty repast, escaped down stairs. The force of prejudice had made the sight of the hangman to this young man like a frightful apparition.

The Official Illustrated Guide to the London and South-Western Railway, &c. By GEORGE MEASON. 280 Engravings and Map.

The Official Illustrated Guide to the Isle of Wight, &c. By GEORGE MEASON. 100 Engravings and Map. C. Griffin and Co.

Guide-books always run a fine chance of ranking with Charles Lamb's "Directories, chess-boards, Hume and Smollett, and those books which no gentleman's library should be without." They are not unfrequently dull, despite the fact that people generally like to learn something about what they have seen or may be going to see. But Mr. Meason, it will be understood, has before him two large and interesting subjects, and he has not failed to make the most of them. If the reader looks at the map he will perhaps be startled, on surveying the lines of the South-Western Railway, to find the very many places of interest to be treated, and, although as much can scarcely be said of the Isle of Wight, it is still connected with many great historical events, and is a place matchless for infinite riches of beauty in a little space. The travelling and the non-travelling classes will do well to refresh their memories with these cheapest of all shilling volumes. They teem with history, anecdote, and quotation about men and things. Not the least interesting amongst the contents are the elaborate descriptions of the great manufactories which seem naturally to fall into association with the various lines; and, no matter what the subject, wherever the text offers the faintest pretext for an illustration, there a neatly-executed engraving is to be found.

Archimago; or, The New Zealander on the Ruins of London Bridge. Ward and Lock.

In accordance with a principle for which the jocular world seldom gives credit, we have carefully read "Archimago," and, on oath, can conscientiously say that we do not understand it. The writer, who calls himself "Jno.," which must be short for "John," begins by describing himself as the New Zealander on the broken arch of London Bridge, contemplating or sketching the ruins of St. Paul's. He alludes to the South Sea Islander of Shelley, in the preface to "Peter Bell the Third," and to the inkling of the same idea in Volney, and then seems to congratulate his country—which surely must be New Zealand—on the fact that the chosen man is a New Zealander. He next says that London is in ruins. Then he and his family appear to be English. His father is ruined somewhere in the country, and he comes up to the metropolis to seek his fortune. He begins by being habitually dissipated and tipsy; and, when his best friend dies of delirium tremens, the spirit of the departed attends him in the light of a familiar, shows him the world of London, and appears to be all-powerful in many ways. This is the feeblest possible imitation of "The Devil on Two Sticks;" there is a great falling off. Finally, there is a snap of poetic raving, and the thing is concluded; but there is not the least mention of London being laid in ruins, nor of a moralising New Zealander artist. The whole affair falls flat, if, indeed, it ever were erect. The book seems designed to show how "Jno." became acquainted with people in every class of life and found them to be, without exception, knaves. Surely there must be at least one exception. The established theory is that mankind are either knaves or fools; and if "Jno." will only think for himself he will agree with our opinion that the latter theory is correct.

Famous Regiments of the British Army, their Origin and Services, &c. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Hogg and Sons.

This is another of Mr. Adams's readable contributions to history for young people. As far as it goes, it is full of picturesque interest, and gives a fair account of England's last two centuries of war. The "services" of famous regiments are well described; but readers may be allowed to be somewhat sceptical as to the "origin," which is usually very misty and confused. The regiments selected are but few—the 1st Royals, 3rd Buffs, 4th King's Own, 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, 42nd Black Watch, 88th Connaught Rangers; 2nd Dragoons, Scots Greys, 6th Enniskilliners, and the Household Brigade. With a chapter on the origin and growth of our military system and brief memoirs of a hundred famous generals, a goodly volume is made up.

Dalziel's Illustrated Goldsmith. With One Hundred Engravings by G. J. PINWELL, and Memoir by H. W. DULCKEN, M.D. Ward and Lock.

Here is "The Vicar of Wakefield," with the poems and comedies of Oliver Goldsmith. Is it the latest edition of those beautiful writings? Possibly not, for next month may bring another, since printers and publishers seem never to tire of producing thousands on thousands, ready for the thousands on thousands of new generations with whom Goldsmith succeeds to coral and bells as an immediate matter of course. The present is as handsome a copy as can be found. It is a nicely-proportioned quarto, printed in large, clear type on fine paper of a creamy tone. It is a holiday copy, and, like all holidays, made for use and enjoyment. Mr. Pinwell's drawings, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel, are one hundred in number, and generally approach to something like full-page size. They are full of exquisite taste, and can be compared only to jewels embellishing pure gold. Professor Dulcken has almost avoided the real Goldsmith subject in his prefatory sketch, and seems to fall in with the old story of Goldsmith being the victim of neglect. Now, the question really turns upon literature. Goldsmith tried everything before he got to pen and ink; and within a reasonable time after that the world gave him a fair share of warmth and consideration, public as well as private; and, as for money, he had not always got it, to be sure, but when he had he did not know what to do with it—which was not the fault of the world. But this is not quite the place for a controversy. Our duty is to welcome a remarkably handsome edition of Goldsmith's imperishable works.

Noble Dames of Ancient Story. By J. G. EDGAR, author of "Boyhood of Great Men," &c. With Illustrations. J. Hogg and Son.

This is one of the best of the lamented Mr. Edgar's contributions to that peculiar vein of history in which he shone so well. The period illustrated in the present volume contains the exciting times of Cressy and Poitiers, and the noble dames, principally of England and France, are made the attractive centres of the strange scenes of the Courts of the Second and Third Edwards, with the various French Kings, &c. Principals in the list of ladies are Isabel and Philippa, Queens of the Edwards, the famous Countess of Salisbury, Agnes of Dunbar, and Isabel of Bavaria, Queen of France. Mr. Edgar has been most successful in popularising the history of the fourteenth century by giving, as he says, an account of the good or bad beauties who influenced the warriors of Froissart, whose pedigrees have been illustrated by Dugdale. The chivalrous age was ever Mr. Edgar's study, and the results of that study now before us contain excellent specimens of picturesque truth, and will be received with the more interest from the sad and untimely death of the author.

THE MAGAZINES.

Blackwood is, as it almost always is, a model of a magazine. The general reader will be most interested in the paper about Mr. Fitzpatrick's Memoir of the late Archbishop Whately. Mr. Fitzpatrick gets his deserts, or an instalment of them, for meddling with the subject; but we have been more unlucky than Mr. Ebony. We have had to read the same gentleman's "Life of Lady Morgan," which, perhaps, readers of the *ILLUSTRATED TIMES* may remember. Writers like Mr. Fitzpatrick may well provoke indignation at it, they and their like who spoil the market for good books, and so bother and weary the ordinary critic with their pinchbeck wares that he doesn't know the genuine article without spending more time about the inspection than he can possibly spare. One of Mr. Fitzpatrick's merits is that he spoils a story in telling it; but it is hard to spoil some of the Archbishop's good things. For instance, the Jenny Lind conundrum. "Do you know, Miss Lind, why the white sheep eat more than the black?" says Whately to the lady, at dinner. The lady gives it up. "Because there are more of them," says Whately. Again, to a conceited professor: "Sir, you are one of the first men of the century!" "Oh, my Lord," replies the professor, bashfully, "you do me too much honour!" "Not at all—not at all!" says Whately; "you were born, were you not, in 1801?" Cornelius O'Dowd is as bright and as clever as usual. He tells over again the old story of Rossini, and the proposed monument to him. They had got as far as the pedestal, but there then remained only 1200 francs for the statue. They waited on Rossini to ask his advice. "Give me the money," said he, "and I'll stand on the pedestal for half an hour next Tuesday!" But O'Dowd is, like all his kindred, a mischievous fellow. He must needs try a side-thrust at constitutional freedom, and explain, in his way what a "luxury" is liberty. Yes, Mr. O'Dowd, liberty is costly, like other good things, and we'll tell you the reasons. 1. Tyranny has left the world a legacy of expensive difficulties. 2. Even when it has, for a time, got the worst of it, the raw material of tyranny survives in the shape of troublesome blackguardism of all sorts. The other articles in *Blackwood*, especially those on Max Müller's second series, Renan's "Life of Jesus," and The London Schools, open questions so large that we cannot at all touch them in this column.

The *Cornhill* contains a paper on "Middle-class Education" by Harriet Martineau, which is extremely interesting, and is, apparently, only one of a short series. We would call especial attention to "A Visit to a Convict Lunatic Asylum"—a paper which will correct a thousand misapprehensions and point the way to principles in a most difficult subject—that of "criminal" lunacy. "Margaret Denzil" is concluded, and the last chapter is a powerful bit of writing. "Wives and Daughters" is a very natural and very cleanly-conceived story, but it is at present over-quiet for magazine purposes. In the next number begins the new story of Mr. Wilkie Collins, to be called "Armada,"—which reminds one of Armadillo, and also of Avondale. Perhaps it will be something between the two.

The *Popular Science Review* is nearly always so full of interesting matter that I find it difficult to notice in any adequate way within my narrow limits. The reviews it contains strike me as being rather hasty and mis-appreciative; but, on the whole, this scientific miscellany is an excellent half-crown's-worth. Some odds and ends which meet my eye in the scientific record may be mentioned. Item—A Mr. Grimshaw, of Birmingham, has invented an atmospheric hammer, which it is intended shall do the work of the steam hammer. Item—Sir Charles Lyell is recently made a *Baronet*, which I suppose was public news, only I did not know it. Item—The common buttercup is said to be a better vesicating agent than the Spanish fly. Its effects are said to last longer, and the tincture of ranunculus is not liable, as that of cantharides is, to be absorbed into the kidneys. The whole of the "medical" department of this review is good, well posted up, and crammed with suggestive facts.

Temple Bar maintains its usual character. The article entitled "Family Club-life in England" I can recommend; at all events, it is what is called "suggestive." There is a poem about Garibaldi, by "Mary Brotherton," from which I am going to quote a few good lines:—

"Most men," he said, "waste half their daytime cheer
In watching for the darkness that they fear;
Out of the depths, the blackest, longest night,
Have faith, have faith! disciple, in the Light!
Most men, sore smitten by the false in youth,
Fight lies with lies: have faith, have faith in Truth!
Most men have come upon a fearful thing—
Medusa's head—between the boughs of spring,
And turn to stone, that nothing now can move:
Take my last word—have faith, have faith in Love!"

But let me add that I am glad to see the name of the authoress again—not having noticed it for some years.

London Society sends a good number. The articles are shorter than usual, so that there are more of them—which is a point gained, when the reading is what is called "light."

The *British Army and Navy Review* is again capital. The paper on Military Ballads makes it quite worth while for the general reader who cares for ballads to possess the number. The ballad, "A Soldier for Me!" never came in my way before; but it was evidently the original of Mr. Sydney Dobell's wonderful song, beginning (I quote from memory only),

Oh, a gallant sans-peur
Is the merry chasseur,
With his fanfaron horn and his rifle ping-pang;
His grand havresack
Of gold on his back,
His pistol click-crack, and his sword cling-clang!
Oh, to see him, blithe and gay,
From some hot and bloody day,
Come to dance the night away till the horn blows au rang,
With a wheel and a whirl,
And a giddy waltzing-girl,—

There, I don't recollect any more till you come to the end,

And where's the chasseur?
He's in,
Amongst the din,
Steel to steel, cling-clang!

Don't you call that pretty?

Of the *St. James's* there is not room to say much. Another attempt is made to tell the story of Abelard and Heloise, and it is a very creditable attempt; but the story still waits for the eye and the pen that can really tell it. It may not be superfluous to remark that the first requisite is large and varied emotional experience, and the second a little imagination—the power of throwing one's-self absolutely into the position of another. To Madame de Recamier, another "subject" in the present number, the same remarks apply, though less forcibly.

What is this large, handsome newcomer? The *Sunday Magazine*! Why, how we must have moved forward within not so many years! When I was a lad such a miscellany would not have been tolerated for a moment for Sunday reading. Mr. De Liefde is a pure but very real humorist; and Mr. Stone, of Windsor, is, if not a poet, a very narrow escape of one. His lines "Saint Augustine and Monica" are very good indeed.

The *Alexandra Magazine* does not please me. Probably it won't care. But Miss Parkes is a poet, if she would only take ten times more trouble and stick to the use of poetic forms. Some of her "Cottage in a Wood" is printed as prose; but it is exquisite poetry for all that.

Good Words is the best number I have seen of it for months. In the article on The Long Evenings and Books, Mr. Isaac Taylor, untouched by years, maintains the magnificent *largo* of his style; and Dr. Wynter contributes a paper on the Water Supply of London, which is full of interest.

ONE NELSON BURLINGAME has been arrested at Washington City for attempting to enlist lunatics in the Federal army, or, as it is more plainly stated in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, for "recruiting lunatics" with the intention of putting them in the ranks as substitutes.

OUR FEUILLETON.

ABOUT DUELLING.

II. CELEBRATED DUELS IN FRANCE.

The French lost no time in adopting the duel *à la Mazza*, of the Italians. At first it was the fashion, then it became the rage, to fight; and at last people fought without even a pretext; all that was necessary was to find an opportunity.

In 1558, the last year of the reign of Henry II., a young man named Châteauneuf, had an altercation with Lachesnay, his guardian, an old man eighty years of age, on the subject of the property intrusted to the latter to manage. A rendezvous was fixed at the Louvre, in Paris, where Châteauneuf asked Lachesnay if he had said certain things attributed to him. The latter denied them, on his word as a gentleman.

"Then I am contented," said Châteauneuf.

"That is possible," replied the old man. "But, since you have given me the trouble to come here, we must fight. What would be said of us by all those people who are assembled on each side of the river, if we were to deceive them in their expectations?"

They did, indeed, fight, and Lachesnay received a thrust in the chest which stretched him dead on the ground. But it was the rule at that time, according to the Neapolitan custom, never, under any circumstances, to come away from the ground without fighting.

Charles IX. was the first King of France who took serious measures to put an end to the duel. His brother, Henry III., followed his example, but without evincing much energy, until the occurrence of an unhappy affair which nearly concerned himself.

Caylus, son of Antoine de Levy, was one of the most distinguished knights of the Order of the Holy Ghost. His most intimate friend, a nobleman named Entraguet, was seen to descend one evening from the window of a lady beloved by Caylus himself. Reproaches and insults were exchanged, and Caylus went so far as to call Entraguet a fool, to which Entraguet humorously replied that Caylus was a liar. These assertions, according to the chroniclers of the period, were made in a spirit of pleasantry, though there can be no doubt of the harshness of the words made use of. However, no one thought the quarrel would end seriously, although a meeting was arranged, at which each principal was to be attended by two seconds.

Caylus took Livarot and Maugiron, two of the King's favourites. Entraguet's seconds were Ribarac and Schomberg. The rendezvous had been fixed in the Parc des Tournelles, now the Place Royale, but which at that time was used as a horse-market. The arms were to be the sword and the dagger. The combatants had left their homes during the night in order that nothing might interfere with their projects. As soon as the parties met, Ribarac advanced towards Maugiron, and, taking him on one side, said,

"It seems to me that we had much better induce these gentlemen to make it up than allow them to kill one another."

To which Maugiron replied,

"I did not come here to string pearls. I myself wish to fight."

"Fight!" returned Ribarac, "and with whom? You can have no interest in the quarrel."

"With you," said Maugiron.

"With me? Then let us say our prayers."

And with these words Ribarac drew his sword, crossed it with his dagger, and said a short prayer.

"Come, you have prayed enough," cried Maugiron.

Ribarac rose and rushed with such impetuosity upon his enemy that they at once ran one another through and fell dead on the spot.

Caylus had come to the field armed only with a sword. Seeing that his adversary had also a dagger he said to him,

"Entraguet, you have a dagger and I have none."

"So much the worse for you," replied Entraguet, "it was very wrong of you to leave it behind."

In spite of this inequality, the combat commenced, Caylus pierced his enemy in the arm, but almost at the same time he himself received three or four thrusts in the body, and fell to the ground.

Schomberg had addressed Livarot, and, seeing his friends engaged, said to him,

"Livarot, they are fighting. What are we to do?"

"*Ma foi!* we must also fight for our honour," answered Livarot.

Each rushed to the attack. Schomberg, who was a German, laid bare his adversary's left cheek with a blow, after the fashion of his own country, but, before falling, and in spite of the blood which issued in abundance from his wound, Livarot gave him a thrust in his chest which stretched him dead on the ground.

The issue of the combat was as follows:—Maugiron, Schomberg, and Ribarac were killed on the spot; Livarot was carried, wounded, to the Hotel de Boissy, situated in the neighbourhood; Entraguet, also wounded, took refuge with M. de Guise, who afterwards helped him to escape. As for Caylus, thanks to the broths which the King himself carried to him and to the hundred thousand crowns promised to the surgeons if they cured him of his wounds, he was seen three weeks after the duel, in a dressing-gown in the court of his hotel, looking at the horses which had been brought there to be in readiness for his journey; but that very day he had a relapse, and the day afterwards died.

The remarkable thing about this combat, in which Henry III. lost all his favourites, was that it was the first duel in which, in accordance with the Italian mode, the seconds made common cause with the principals and fought themselves. From that time it became the rule for seconds as well as principals to take part in duels, and not long afterwards Bussy d'Amboise's celebrated duel of twelve took place.

Bussy, who murdered so many persons at the St. Bartholomew massacre, and, among others, one of his own relations, with whom he had a lawsuit, was a bully of the first order, equally celebrated for his insolence and his brutal courage. The following is an instance of his mode of entering into a quarrel. A nobleman named Saint-Phal made some remarks about some embroidery which displayed the letter X. Bussy said the letter was not X, but Y. Thereupon a dispute ensued, a challenge was given, and a combat of six against six was arranged. On this occasion fortune was not blind, inasmuch as Bussy was severely wounded.

The brave Crillon was a great friend of this man. Nevertheless, happening to meet him one day in the Rue St. Honoré, Bussy asked him the hour in a tone which displeased him.

"The hour of your death," replied Crillon.

"That remains to be seen," answered Bussy, and thereupon each drew his sword, but before long they were separated.

Brantôme tells the following anecdote about this extraordinary person:—"One evening," he says, "being at the Louvre, where there was a ball, he pushed before M. de Grammont, who, with a lady on his arm, was proceeding to join the dancers. When the ball was over and the King had gone to bed, a young nobleman named Maulon went towards M. de Bussy, who was going away, and informed him that M. de Grammont, his cousin, wished to speak to him, and that he was waiting for him at the ford. 'Young man,' answered d'Amboise, disdainfully, 'Bussy never fights at night, and has never exhibited his courage to the stars or to the moon, which are not worthy to contemplate it, but only to the sun, who alone can show it as it really is; but to-morrow morning, as soon as the sun is up, I shall not fail to present myself at the place you mention, or elsewhere, if M. de Grammont changes his mind. Do me the pleasure to come with him, and mind you bring two gravediggers with you, for before leaving the ground I mean to have you both buried for the honour we owe to the dead.'"

Bussy died by the sword, but not in a duel. He had written to the Duke d'Alençon a compromising letter about the Countess de Montmorency. The Duke showed the letter to his brother, Henry III., who, detesting Bussy, communicated it to the husband. The Count went home suddenly, took his wife and conducted her to a lonely château, and there, holding a dagger over her, forced her to give a rendezvous to Bussy. The latter arrived without suspicion, but had scarcely entered the château when he was attacked and assassinated.

Duels were not less numerous during the following reign. Daudignier estimates at 14,000 the number of pardons granted to offending duellists by Henry IV., during whose reign 4000 noblemen lost their lives in this way.

Although Henry IV. issued numerous edicts against duelling, his favourite system of preservation consisted in employing his guards to watch intending combatants. On one occasion, a quarrel having taken place between the Marquis de Cœuvres and Mons. de Créquy, a duel was determined on. M. de Créquy had chosen the Count de Sant for his second; Nantouillet offered his services to Cœuvres. Everything was arranged in a most desirable manner, when the King, who had heard of the contemplated duel, sent his guards at the same time to Cœuvres and Créquy. Sant and Nantouillet remained at liberty. One day they met.

"Well, what are we to do?" said Nantouillet.

"Whatever you please," said the Count.

"Well spoken!" replied Nantouillet. "You have the sentiments of a man of honour; and, that your actions may not belie your words, meet me at St. Denis to-morrow, the first thing in the morning."

The next day, before sunrise, Nantouillet mounted his horse and rode to St. Denis. It was not yet light, so that the church of the abbey, where the rendezvous had been given, was not open. Nantouillet retired to a room in the "Epee Royale," and remained at the window, waiting for the opening of the doors. Soon afterwards the sun rose, and about the same time the Count de Sant appeared on the high road. Nantouillet went to meet him, and as in the interval the church-door had been opened they entered together, knelt on the pavement, and heard mass. Then they returned to the inn and had breakfast.

After breakfast each wrote a letter stating that they were not enemies; that they had had no subject of quarrel, and inviting their relations and friends not to take any sort of proceedings against the survivor. After having signed and exchanged these letters, they proceeded to the ground.

"Count," asked Nantouillet, "are you angry?"

"No," replied the Count, coldly.

"Well, I am," said Nantouillet; "very much so." He then drew his sword; and, as the Count de Sant was slow in drawing his, Nantouillet exclaimed,

"What, Count, do you want to fight with the sheath?"

The Count engaged at once, and it was not long before he received two thrusts; but Nantouillet received five, and was mortally wounded. The Count had only time to get on horseback and gallop back to Saint Denis, whence he sent his adversary a priest; "having more care," adds the historian, "for the salvation of him whom he had killed than for the wounds he had himself received from him."

In the meanwhile the Minister, Sully, did not see with an indifferent eye these duels, which were decimating the French nobility. In accordance with his proposition, an edict was issued by which the fighting of a duel was made a capital crime. At the same period a court of honour was instituted for the decision of all questions such as had hitherto been settled by an appeal to the sword. But custom was stronger than law, and a nobleman would have considered it derogatory and indicative of cowardice to refer a point of honour to the consideration of the new tribunal.

The severest measures were taken against duelling by Richelieu in Louis XIII.'s reign, and François de Montmorency, together with Rosmadec des Chapelles, his second, were executed for challenging and fighting the Marquis de Beuvron. In vain the two families petitioned the King. In spite of their importance they found it impossible to get the sentence commuted, and on the 22nd of June Count François de Montmorency and Seigneur de Rosmadec des Chapelles left the Conciergerie and mounted the cart which was to convey them to the Place de Grève. The Bishop of Nantes, who had been constantly with them since their condemnation, had succeeded in inspiring Montmorency with a profound feeling of repentance; nevertheless, the latter had expressed his desire to retain his moustache, which was large and handsome.

"My son," cried the Prelate, "you must not think of this life any more, and you are still thinking of it." These words sufficed to destroy the last feeling of personal pride which the Count had retained.

Arrived at the Place de Grève, Rosmadec was still in the cart, with his back turned to the scaffold, when he heard a strange noise.

"What is that?" he inquired.

"The head of M. de Montmorency," said the Prelate.

"My cousin is dead," replied the nobleman; "let us pray for his soul."

Soon afterwards he ascended the scaffold himself, and, after a short prayer, knelt down to receive the fatal blow.

These two illustrious heads fell by the order of Richelieu for no other crime than that of fighting a duel. The example, however, had more effect than all the edicts that had ever been published on the subject, and the duelling mania subsided as if by enchantment.

During the minority of Louis XIV. duels again became frequent, but Louis was too jealous of his authority to look upon them with any but a most unfavourable eye. Like his predecessors, he endeavoured to put an end to the practice by the issuing of edicts, of which the most celebrated is the one generally known as "The Edict of Duels," published on the 30th of December, 1679. In this edict the penalty of death was pronounced against all who took part in duels as principals or seconds. The offenders incurred the confiscation of all or a portion of their estates, according to circumstances. The fiefs were united to the Crown. The noblemen were degraded from the nobility, and their coats of arms were blackened and broken by the executioner: even those who fell were tried and their bodies drawn through the street, and then thrown away with the rubbish of the town. They were excluded from burial in consecrated ground, and the servants who carried the challenge or attended their masters to the ground were sentenced to be whipped and scourged. It is said that this last clause in the edict was carried out with remarkable strictness.

It was now that that curious declaration appeared by which a number of noblemen, all belonging to the most illustrious houses, and who had on many occasions given the most manifest proofs of courage, engaged publicly and solemnly to refuse all sorts of challenges, and not to fight a duel on any account whatever. In connection with the duels of the Louis XIV. period, the following strange history of an affair in which the Marquis de Rivarolles was engaged may be related. The Marquis had had his leg carried away by a cannon-ball in Spain. He was carried to Toulouse, and while there, on a bed of pain, there was no sort of entertainment that his friends did not endeavour to give him. They assembled continually, and in large numbers, in his apartment; and Rivarolles, who was of a satirical disposition, used to amuse himself at these meetings by turning into ridicule the various persons he had known in the army. Among these persons was a man of quality named Mardailen. The latter having heard that Rivarolles was in the habit of amusing himself at his expense, made his appearance one morning at Toulouse, and, without troubling himself about the Marquis's state of health, sent him a challenge by one of his friends.

"Sir," said Rivarolles, "nothing would give me greater pleasure than to satisfy M. Mardailen; but, as you perceive, I have been taking physic, which prevents me leaving my bed, have the kindness to beg M. Mardailen to wait until to-morrow. I will then acquaint him of my determination with regard to this duel." This answer was communicated to Mardailen, who, in spite of his impatience, consented to wait until the next day.

Early the next morning Mardailen was awakened by his servants, who announced to him that there was a gentleman in the ante-chamber who wished to see him on the part of the Marquis de Rivarolles.

"Very well," said Mardailen, understanding at once that it was about the duel, "show him in, and leave us alone."

The visitor, instead of walking towards the bed, as Mardailen expected, went to the table, and placed on it several objects that he had been carrying beneath his cloak. Mardailen drew back the

curtain, and, sitting up in the bed, was astonished to find his table covered with surgical instruments.

"Sir," said he, "you must have made some mistake; you cannot want to see me. I have been misinformed, too; I thought you had come from M. de Rivarolles."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said the visitor, "but I do come from the Marquis."

"Then what are all these instruments for?"

"To cut your leg off."

Mardailen was almost dumb with surprise.

"You are jesting, Sir!" he exclaimed, at last.

"I am not jesting at all," said the surgeon. "You wish to fight with M. de Rivarolles; but, as he has just lost his leg, and as you would not wish to profit by your advantage in having two, he felt sure that, to equalise the chances of the duel, you would consent to have one of your own cut off."

Mardailen felt a strong inclination to get out of bed and chastise the surgeon; but he saw that he was in the wrong, and contented himself with telling him to leave the room and take his instruments with him.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

Not long ago M. Clodimir Frénois, a rich merchant in the Mauritius, was found dead in his own house. His body was on the ground, dreadfully mutilated, the face being completely shattered, apparently by the explosion of a pistol, which was lying by his side. On a table near was the following letter:—

"I am ruined. A swindler has robbed me of £25,000, and dishonour lies before me. I will not face it. I leave to my wife the care of distributing amongst my creditors what property remains to me; and I pray God, my friends, and enemies to pardon my death. One moment, and I shall be in eternity! CLODIMIR FRÉNOIS."

Great was the consternation caused by this event. The widow of M. Frénois, inconsolable for his loss, at the end of two months entered a convent, leaving to her husband's nephew, a doctor, the care of dividing the property of the deceased. Owing to the declaration of robbery contained in the letter left by M. Frénois, inquiries were set on foot, and it was then discovered that the supposed date of the theft corresponded with the disappearance of one of the clerks, a man named John Moon, who had not since been heard of. Shortly after the division of property, however, this man reappeared in the island, and was at once examined as to the reason of his flight. He declared that he had been sent by the deceased to France to recover money from certain creditors. This money he had been unable to obtain. He added, moreover, that if M. Frénois had been the means of causing injurious suspicions to rest on him it was to cover a defalcation in his accounts, of which he alone was the author.

Some short time after this Mr. William Burnett, the principal creditor of Frénois, was aroused at five o'clock in the morning by a knocking at his door. The door was opened by a servant, who presently came and told his master that a stranger desired to speak with him in private. Mr. Burnett dressed and went down to the parlour into which the visitor had been shown. He was reclining in a *faisiteuil*, with his back to Mr. Burnett, and had the *Morning Post* in his hand. "I believe you wished to see me?" said Mr. Burnett.

The stranger turned and bowed: Mr. Burnett uttered a loud cry, and he recognised Clodimir Frénois, whom he had believed to be dead, and whose funeral he had attended.

What passed between Burnett and his visitor that morning was not known. Burnett was seen to leave the house several times, apparently much agitated, and was also observed to have an interview with the magistrate of the criminal court. Next day, while John Moon was sipping tea under the palm-trees in his garden with a female with whom he had lately formed a connection, he was arrested and taken to the State prison. In due time he appeared before the court, charged with the robbery of the late Clodimir Frénois. He smiled in answer to the charge with the assurance of a man who has nothing to fear. He was begged by the President to confess his crime, but refused, saying that the accusation was an absurd one, and that in order to condemn him there must be positive proof, and that neither the widow of the deceased nor any person in his employ had known or even heard of the pretended robbery.

The President said, "Do you persist in affirming your innocence?"

"I would proclaim it in presence of the corpse of my master himself if it were necessary," replied Moon.

"Then," said the President, much moved, "we must compel you to do so, and God pardon you."

At this moment the door of the court opened, and Clodimir Frénois advanced, fixing his eyes sternly on the accused. A murmur of horror arose; the women hurried from the court. Moon fell on his knees and avowed his crime; but his counsel, Sir Jones West, at once rose and asked who would swear to the identity of the witness. "A confession induced by fear," said he, "ought not to be accepted, and the Judge on the bench would do well not to receive impressions resulting from a mere accidental physical resemblance. Before coming here to accuse," added he, turning to M. Frénois, "prove your identity, and tell us by what chance the grave thus gives up its dead."

"The story which I shall relate," replied Frénois, "will perfectly satisfy you as to who I am. When I first became aware of the robbery committed by the accused, he had already flown, and any effort to find him would have been unavailing. I resolved then to finish with life, and not to be a witness to my own dishonour. It was seven o'clock in the evening; I wrote the letter found on my table, and loaded my pistol. After a short prayer I put the muzzle in my mouth, and was just about to fire when I heard a knocking at the entrance door below. I hid the pistol, and, finding the noise still continue, I went down and opened the door. A man entered whom I recognised; it was the gravedigger, carrying a corpse to my nephew, the doctor, for dissection. He appeared disturbed at being seen by me. 'Did my nephew ask you for that?' said I. 'No, Sir,' said he; 'but when I am able to bring him a body I do so; but, for mercy's sake, do not speak of it; I should lose my place.' Suddenly, while the man was speaking, an idea occurred to me: I gave him two pieces of gold and dismissed him. I then bore the body into my cabinet, and found he was of my own height. It was the corpse of a fisherman, whose family had given it up for a small sum. 'Oh, poor remains!' said I, crossing myself; 'pardon me for what I do, it is to prevent the ruin of twenty families. Only let me be successful, and I swear to thee that thy family shall be mine, and that we will sleep together in the tomb that thou wilt occupy first. I then undressed, and dressed the body in my clothes. I fired the pistol destined for myself, and the face was at once unrecognisable—impossible to discover the cheat. I then dressed myself plainly, shaved my whiskers and eyebrows, and the morning found me in a French vessel making sail for Europe. What I had foreseen came to pass. My unworthy clerk, at the news of my death, believed himself safe. He little thought that while he was leading a careless life in the Mauritius I was exerting myself to discover the whereabouts of the different investments he had made in France in my name. My efforts were successful: the fraud was detected, and, thanks to the care of my worthy friend, William Burnett, who received my first visit, justice will be done at last."

The Court, without hesitation, condemned John Moon to a long imprisonment; and Mr. Frénois and his wife—released from her vows—were accompanied to their home by a noisy and rejoicing crowd of people.

Here is a novel in a nutshell!

B. J.

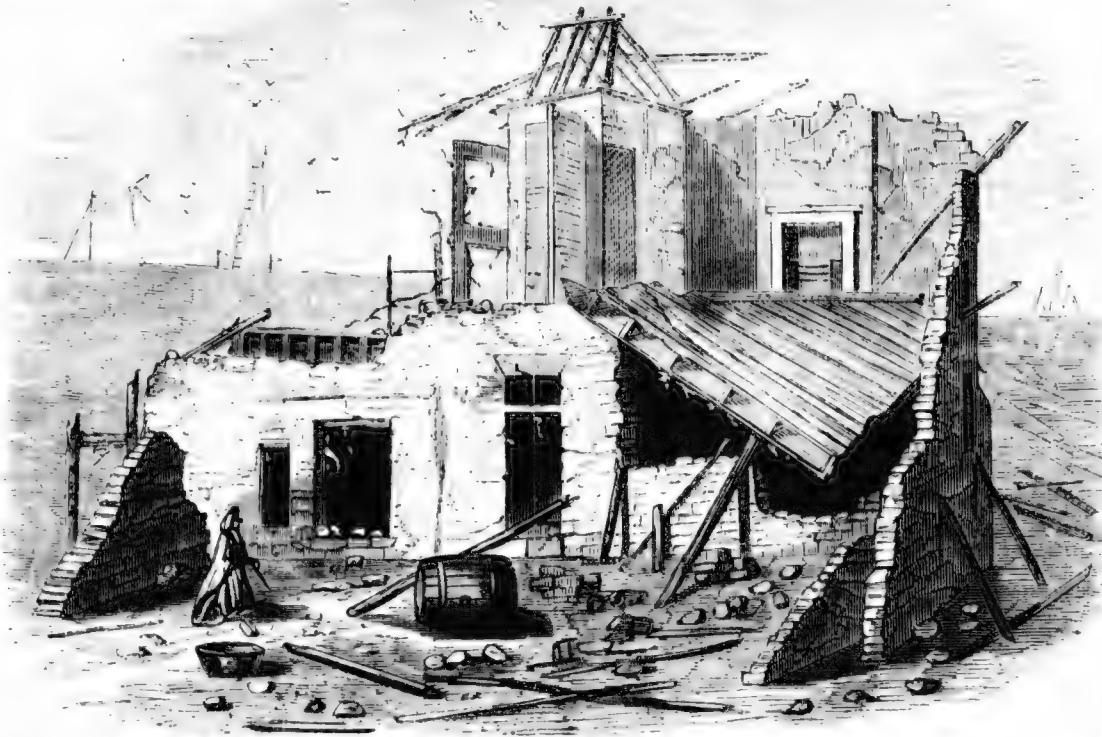
A BANQUET OF HORSEFLESH.—The Lyons journals give particulars of a horseflesh banquet that has just taken place in that city. A large number of amateurs assembled in the dining-room of one of the principal restaurants, and to them were served up no less than eleven dishes, all horse beef. These were two soups, boafish, horse à la mode, truffled sausages, fried brains, lion à l'italienne, cauliflower *au jus de cheval*, cold horse pie, and other chevaline delicacies. The fare was generally approved. Among the guests were merchants, manufacturers, professional men, journalists, veterinary surgeons, and physicians—these last, it is added, were not numerous.

TERRIFIC GUNPOWDER EXPLOSION NEAR ERITH.

EARLY on Saturday morning last two gunpowder-magazines, situated on the southern bank of the Thames between Woolwich and Erith, exploded with terrific violence, killing eight or nine persons, if not more, wounding others, and carrying consternation and alarm among the inhabitants of the whole neighbourhood for miles round. Although the scene of the catastrophe is distant about fifteen miles from Charing-cross, the explosion was heard and felt more or less throughout the whole metropolis, and even at places forty and fifty miles from the spot. At first the prevailing idea was that the inhabitants of the metropolis and its suburbs had experienced the shock of an earthquake; but that notion was speedily dispelled, and by noon on Saturday the exact nature of the catastrophe and its locality were pretty generally known throughout London.

SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION.

The explosion occurred in a gunpowder dépôt belonging to Messrs. John Hall and Sons, and almost simultaneously in a magazine of smaller size used by the Lowood Powder Company, but generally known by the name of the former proprietors, Messrs. Daye and Barker, both magazines being located in the Plumstead marshes, on the margin of the Thames, two miles west of



THE EXPLOSION OF THE POWDER MAGAZINES NEAR ERITH: RUINS OF THE HOUSE OF MR. SILVER, STOREKEEPER OF THE LOWOOD COMPANY'S MAGAZINE.

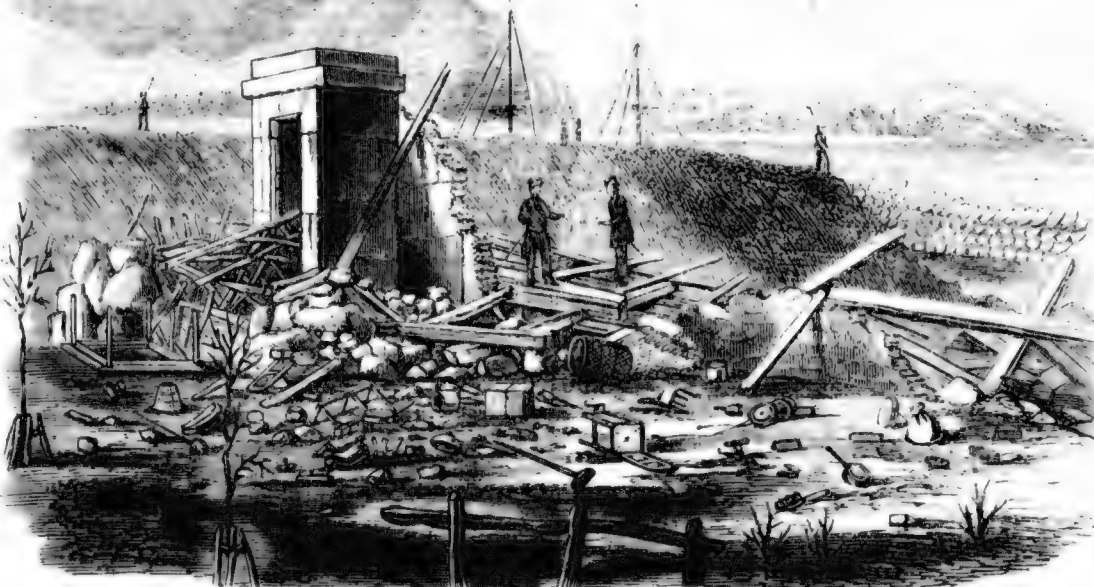
Erith, and about an equal distance from the village of Belvedere, on the North Kent Railway. Here, on about twenty acres of ground, separated for obvious reasons from the rest of the neighbouring inhabitants, but in the immediate vicinity of the scene of their daily labour, lived a few working men with their families, in three cottages, engaged in a perilous calling. One was George Rayner, who acted as storekeeper in the dépôt of Messrs. Hall, and who was a married man with a family; and another named Walter Silver, also married, acted in a similar capacity under Messrs. Daye and Barker. Each of these had a cottage to himself about 100 or 200 yards from the magazine, and the rest, who were men employed in the larger dépôt, occupied a cottage in common. The Messrs. Hall have been engaged in the business of fabricating gunpowder for more than fifty years, and have executed large contracts from time to time, both for our own and many foreign Governments. They have a large factory in the neighbourhood of Faversham, in Kent, occupying about 200 acres of ground, part of the works of which were erected in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. There the work of manufacturing and packing gunpowder is conducted by a body of trained artisans, with all the safeguards and precautions suggested by experience; and within the last few



REPAIRING THE DAMAGE TO THE RIVER EMBANKMENT: TO THE LEFT ARE THE REMAINS OF THE JETTY OFF WHICH THE BARGES WERE MOORED AT THE TIME OF THE EXPLOSION.

years the proprietors have purchased a large tract of adjacent land in order the more completely to seclude their operations from the habitations of men. Their magazine at Belvedere was a substantial building, about 50 ft. square, and consisting of two floors. It was erected five or six years ago, at a cost of about £3000, and around it were eighteen acres of land, with the view to isolate the building. For miles at that part of the river there is an embankment, which protects the low-lying marshes from inundation. Both their dépôt and that of the Lowood Company stood close behind the embankment, and each had a wooden jetty projecting into the river, to facilitate the loading and unloading of gunpowder.

The quantity of gunpowder stored in Messrs. Hall's magazine at the time of the explosion and in two of their barges which lay off the jetty is variously estimated at between 1000 and 2000 barrels, each barrel containing 100 lb. They themselves state that there were about 750 barrels in the dépôt, and perhaps 200 more in the barges. The quantity in the Lowood Company's magazine was about 9000 lb. It should be understood that these were places used entirely for the storage of gunpowder, and in no sense for its manu-



RUINS OF THE HOUSE OF MR. RAYNER, STOREKEEPER OF MESSRS. HALL'S MAGAZINE.

facture, and that none but experienced men were employed at them. Rayner had been the storekeeper there of Messrs. Hall for twelve years, and accustomed to the manipulation of gunpowder from his boyhood. He was an intelligent and most efficient man, and they had complete confidence in him. Between their mills at Faversham and the magazine at Belvedere, a distance of about thirty miles, the gunpowder is conveyed in sailing-barges, each of them navigated usually by a couple of men, and two of these, as has been stated, were moored alongside the jetty on Saturday morning discharging cargo. The gunpowder, carefully packed in barrels, is borne on trucks with copper wheels along wooden rails, in order to preclude the possibility of a spark from friction, and the operation is conducted with other precautions, such as the wearing of list-chippers by the men engaged in it.

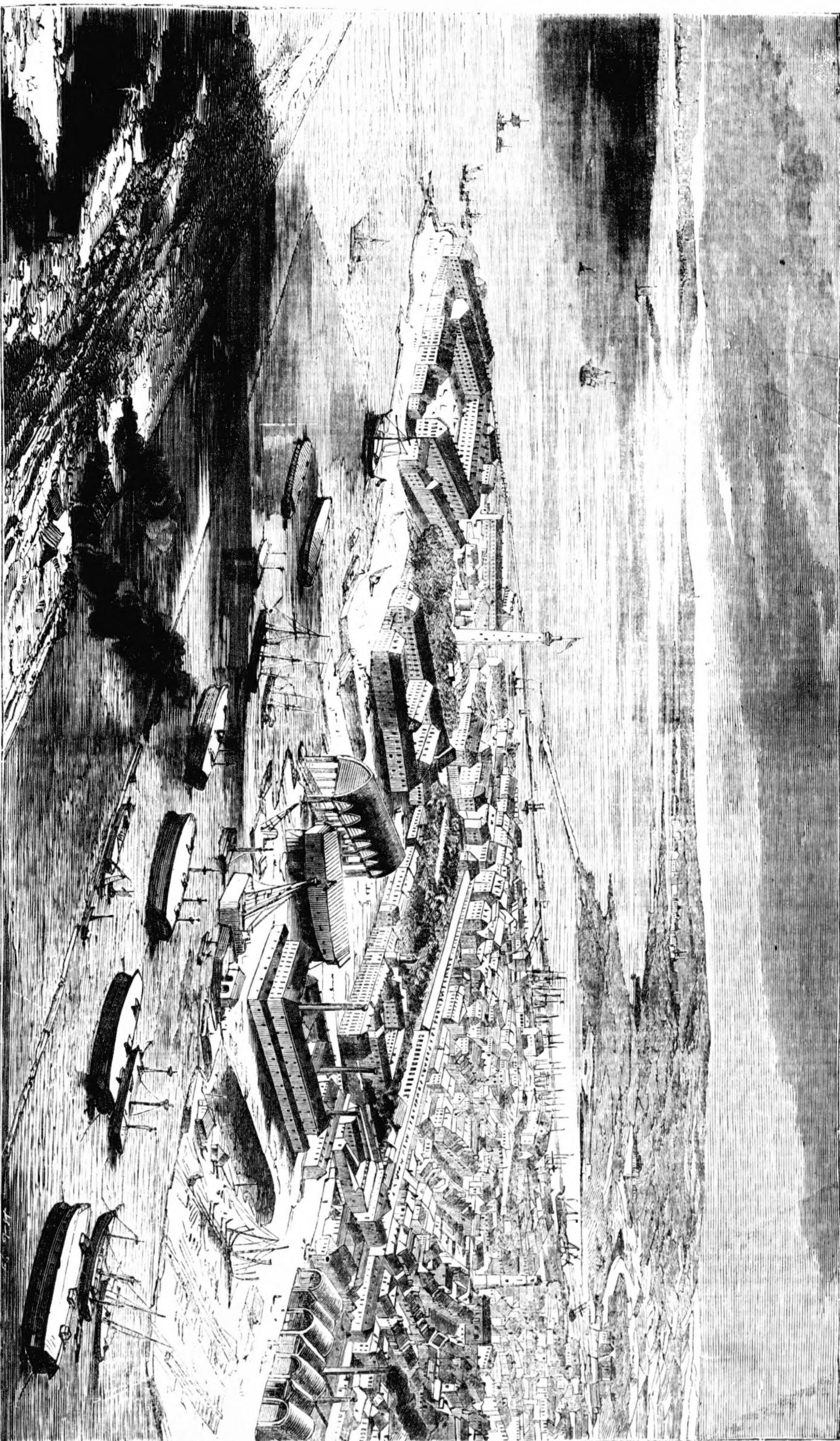
THE EXPLOSION occurred at between eighteen and twenty minutes before seven o'clock in the morning, and it is presumed that Messrs. Hall's men were then unloading one of the barges. A clock in the house of Mr. Henry Hall, at South Darenth, about three miles from Dartford and seven from the powder magazines,

was stopped by the explosion itself at precisely eighteen minutes to seven. There were three distinct explosions immediately following each other, and the belief of persons conversant with the trade is that the first took place on board one of the barges; that the concussion produced by it tore asunder the larger magazine, and some of the burning fragments alighting in it caused an explosion infinitely more appalling, and which was instantaneously followed by the explosion of the smaller depot. At Erith and Belvedere, where the shock was most felt, the feeling

produced by it is described as awful beyond description. At Woolwich, about four miles off, the first impression was that the powder-works in the Arsenal had exploded, and the wives and families of the artisans at work there rushed to the spot in a state of consternation. They were not allowed to enter the place, and they stood terror-stricken in the square in front. Shortly after the explosion showers of letters, invoices, and other papers, which had been borne on the wind a distance of four miles, fell within the precincts of the Arsenal, and

clearly indicated the scene of the catastrophe, but it was long before the people outside could be persuaded that their relatives were safe. Immediately after the calamity an immense pillar of smoke rose from the spot high into the air, thick, black, and palpable, with a huge spreading top, and about a quarter of an hour elapsed before it died away. So soon as it was supposed to be safe to do so, people from Erith and Belvedere proceeded to the spot and ventured to explore the ruins in search of anyone that might be living. Of the magazines themselves not a single stone remained upon

another, the very foundations being torn up, and the site of that of Messrs. Hall was marked by huge fissures and chasms in the earth, from these lamps of which had been scooped out and hurled about the adjacent fields. The barges, with the jetty, had been split into fragments and blown into the air, and an enormous rent had been made in the embankment itself, exposing miles of country to the peril of inundation. Of the cottage of the foreman Rayner nothing was left standing but a bit of brick wall and a doorway. The lifeless bodies of the unfortunate man himself and of a boy were found



VIEW OF LORIENT.

close by, and his wife and child were dug out of the ruins alive, but hurt in various ways. A child, niece of Silver, the foreman at the other depot, was killed, while he himself escaped with some slight injuries. His wife, fortunately, had gone on a visit to some friends at Maidstone a few days ago, and had not returned. The cottage in which they lived is simply a ruin, and the whole immediate neighbourhood is covered with the debris of the fallen buildings. Those of the sufferers, nine in number, who were still living were conveyed with as much care and speed as possible to Guy's

Hospital. One of them died shortly after admission, and one or two others have died since. In all five deaths have resulted from this occurrence, five other persons are missing, including four men who were on board the barges, who have no doubt perished; and some ten or a dozen persons have been more or less injured.

The yawning gap in the embankment, about a hundred yards in width, next demanded attention and more fortunately, Mr. Lewis G. Moore, an engineer connected with the Thames Embankment, and who resides at Erith, at once perceived and appreciated the emergency. Luckily, it was dead low-water at the time of the explosion; but still, only about four hours were available for the rough repair of the damage against the approaching tide. A message was sent by Mr. Moore to Mr. Houghton, one of the contractors under the Metropolitan Board of Works, at Crossness Point, about a couple of miles off, and within twenty minutes afterwards he had arrived upon the scene with 400 navvies, with all their tools and

barrows. A communication was also forwarded to the garrison at Woolwich; and by half-past nine o'clock detachments of sappers and miners and artillery, to the number of 1500, under the command of General Warde and Colonel Hawkins, reached the spot, with all the necessary implements, and set about the repair of the breach with great good-will and after the true method of military engineering. They were followed speedily by the 5th Fusiliers, who kept the ground from intrusion, and later in the day by the Marines, both from the garrison at Woolwich. Before

the troops arrived, the navvies, acting under Mr. Houghton and Mr. Moore, wheeled large masses of clay in front of the breach, while others puddled it into a solid bottom, by which means the subsequent military operations were greatly facilitated. On their arrival the sappers and miners made horizontal arches at the back of the breach with bags filled with clay one upon the other, and with layers of earth intervening, these arches presenting a formidable front to the advancing tide, while the rest of the gap was being filled up and padded by the navvies. Time was precious, and there was a scarcity of barrows; but the troops, adapting themselves to the emergency, formed themselves into lines from places where clay was available and passed it along in lumps, from hand to hand, to the point of operations with great ease and rapidity. About half-past one o'clock, when near high-water, the work became extremely exciting. The whole force contended with the advancing tide inch by inch, knowing that, if it once made a breach, the repair of the mischief would be vastly more difficult than the work in which they were then engaged. By three o'clock the embankment was restored in this rough-and-ready but most efficient manner. It withstood the succeeding tide, and was exposed to a severer trial in those of Sunday and Monday, which, with a stiff north-easterly breeze, beat heavily against it. At one time apprehensions as to its safety existed, and a party of sappers and miners, who had been telegraphed for, arrived from Woolwich to assist in the emergency. In case of failure Mr. Moore had taken the precaution to send for about a dozen barges, with a view to have them loaded with clay and then scuttled in front of the breach as a kind of breakwater; but, fortunately, occasion did not arise for the expedient being carried into effect. Had the efforts to fill up the gap in the embankment failed, the most calamitous consequences must have followed, for the water would certainly have overflowed the whole of the Erith and Plumstead marshes, and might even have reached other low-lying districts in the neighbourhood. Mr. Moore speaks in enthusiastic terms of the hearty co-operation of Colonel Warde and Colonel Hawkins on the occasion, and of the practical energy shown by the troops. In the course of the afternoon of Saturday Captain Harris, Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, went down to the spot with a detachment of the A Division of police, and on Sunday again a still stronger force were on duty there aiding the local constabulary.

DAMAGE DONE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The damage done at Erith, in particular in the way of broken glass and the injury to property in other respects, is lamentably great. There is scarcely a house in the place the windows of which have not been shattered more or less, and the inhabitants are experiencing much inconvenience. The windows of the old parish church have been blown in among the rest, as have also those of a whole row of houses, twenty or thirty in number, situated on the brow of a hill leading to Bexley, and belonging to Mr. Everett. The explosion was heard and felt at Uxbridge, about thirty miles off, and at Windsor, Teddington, and many other distant places. Mr. William Hall, the principal partner of the firm whose property has been destroyed, felt the concussion at the residence of Sir Norton Knatchbull, at which he was staying, in the neighbourhood of Ashford, and about fifty miles distant from the spot. For some minutes after the explosion the earth heaved and trembled with the effects of it in and about Erith and Belvedere, and the people were appalled and terror-stricken.

At Woolwich the effects in the garrison and town were very desolative. The windows in the official departments, and at private residences and shops, were shattered; frames and sashes were dashed in and several persons were severely injured. In many houses ceilings and portions of the walls were shaken down, and people rushed from their houses in dismay. The whole of the medical staff of the garrison and town hastened to the scene to render their assistance. In the shock many persons were thrown violently from their beds to the floor, and their beds shook like ships at sea. In the Arsenal and dockyard serious fears were entertained that the large workshops would fall in, so great and violent was the concussion felt by the two shocks immediately following each other.

The shock of the explosion was distinctly felt in every part of Chatham and Rochester, which are distant about twenty-five miles from the scene of the disaster. In Chatham dockyard the windows of nearly every part of the building were shaken and doors were forced open. The cloud of smoke which followed the explosion was distinctly visible from Fort Pitt and the Chatham Lines; and until the telegrams conveying intelligence of the occurrence arrived a general opinion was entertained that the Government powder-magazine at Purfleet had exploded. The shock of the explosions was felt most severely in the more elevated portions of the neighbourhood.

At Deptford, in the workshops of Mr. Stone, a large navy contractor, which are under the arches of the railway, the gas-lights, to the number of about 150, were blown out simultaneously by the explosion.

SEARCH FOR THE DEAD AND WOUNDED.

Sergeant Cox, of the police division stationed at Erith, gives the following narrative of the circumstances:—He was getting up when he heard the explosion. He ran out and found all the back windows broken, the sashes as well as the glasses. He looked in the direction whence the sound proceeded, and, imagining from the smoke that one of the magazines had exploded, went back, and, having quieted the fears of his wife, proceeded to the scene of the disaster, procuring assistance by the way. Mr. Churton and Mr. Tippet, two medical gentlemen of the vicinity, were on the spot almost as soon as the police, and, with Mr. Mathewson and other surgeons, did all that was possible for the sufferers. On arriving at the spot, having literally picked his way through the heaps of rubbish and masses of stones and brick strewn about by the explosion, Sergeant Cox found the body of Mr. George Rayner in his own garden. He was much cut about the face, as if by splinters, and the back part of the head over the left ear was cut open, the brain protruding. He was quite dead. Sergeant Cox next saw Rebecca Wright, who was removed as soon as possible, under the care of the medical men. A boy named Yorke was next discovered. His head was smashed in a fearful manner, and death must have been quite instantaneous. Elizabeth Wright, aged thirteen, a daughter of the poor woman previously mentioned, was next found, and she was carefully removed to Guy's Hospital, but died a few minutes after her admission. She had sustained a compound fracture of the skull, a fracture of the left thigh, and was severely burnt on the chest and upper extremity of the body. The bodies of Rayner and his son were removed to the Belvedere Hotel, and placed in a shed to await the coroner's inquest; and shortly after the body of a man, apparently about sixty years of age, was found in the mud of the river, and conveyed to the same place.

THE SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION SINCE THE CATASTROPHE.

On Sunday thousands upon thousands of people visited the scene of the catastrophe, travelling mostly by the North Kent Railway; and it required the aid of a strong body of police at the Erith and Belvedere stations to maintain order and prevent accident. From an early hour in the morning until dark long trains came in from the London Bridge station, crammed; while the frequent trains from Maidstone, Strood, Chatham, Rochester, Gravesend, Dartford, and other places on the North Kent line deposited their thousands at the Erith station.

For hours on Sunday night fearful scenes of tumult and violence occurred at the Erith and Belvedere stations on the North Kent Railway. Throughout the whole day thousands of people went by the line from London and the intermediate stations to the scene of the catastrophe, and a great number of them lingered there until dark. The result was that until far towards midnight they congregated in dense masses on the station platforms at Erith and Belvedere, and besieged every train that stopped to take up passengers on the up journey. The railway authorities at the London Bridge station dispatched extra trains one after another as fast as they could do so with safety to bring up the people, but in spite of that there was great delay, and the last up-train did

not leave the Belvedere station until three o'clock on Monday morning. At intervals during the whole evening, whenever a train stopped, either there or at Erith, a frightful rush was made at it, and the people crowded the carriages almost to suffocation, in spite of the efforts of the police and railway company's servants to restrain them. Many clambered upon the tops of the carriages, others took possession of the engine and tender, and some even bestrode the buffers until they were pulled off by main force by the police. At Woolwich Arsenal station several of the trains were stopped, and people who were suffering from the overcrowding taken out of them. A young Italian, named Luigi Morandi, or Lorandi, had gone down to see the scene of the explosion, and in endeavouring to enter a railway carriage to return was thrust in among the wheels and dreadfully crushed. He was conveyed to Guy's Hospital, but died soon after admission, determinedly refusing to submit to the amputation of his leg, which was the only means of saving his life.

On Sunday and Monday pieces of the mangled and mutilated remains of persons who perished in the explosion were found here and there in the neighbourhood and taken to a shed at the back of the Belvedere Hotel, where the bodies of Rayner, the storekeeper, a man named Hubbard, and a boy (at first supposed, but erroneously, to have been the son of Rayner) awaited an inquest. Among these ghastly relics are a right and a left foot, portions of a skull, and part of a jaw with a whisker, all apparently beyond identity. The gap in the embankment, which was repaired with such wonderful rapidity after the explosion by the sappers and miners and the artillery from the Woolwich garrison, assisted by 400 of Mr. Webster's navvies from the main-drainage works at Crossness Point, has never in the least given way, though severely tested both by high tides and a strong north-easterly wind beating dead against it. On Monday, again, a band of navvies, acting under Mr. Rowell, were at work backing up the embankment with clay. Mr. Bazalgette, the engineer of the Metropolitan Board of Works, visited the spot in the course of the day, and gave directions that the work should be continued by the navvies until it was completed, for reasons affecting the main drainage, apart from apprehensions of danger to the adjacent marshes of inundation. The great outfall works for the southern main drainage at Crossness Point are about a couple of miles from the scene of the explosion, and had the neighbouring marshes been flooded, the mischief might not have been confined to that locality. The districts of Bermondsey and Lambeth are upon the same low level as the marshes at Plumstead, and had the breach in the embankment not been repaired the consequent inundation, it is said, might have spread by means of the main sewer itself into those districts, and the southern main drainage on that side of the river have been interrupted for the time.

The cause of the catastrophe has been mere conjecture from the very first, and it will probably remain a mystery for ever. That the gunpowder in one of the barges exploded first appears to be beyond doubt, and that is really all that is known as to the origin of the calamity.

THE INQUEST.

An inquest was held on Wednesday at Guy's Hospital on the bodies of the sufferers by the late gunpowder explosion who had died in that institution. The evidence threw no light whatever on the cause of the explosion; and as it was not probable that any further information would be obtained, the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death," coupling with it a suggestion that no stoves or lights should be allowed on board barges laden with gunpowder. At the same time an inquest was held on the body of Angelo Morandi, the Italian, who was killed by falling under the wheels of a train, at Belvedere, on Sunday. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

LORIENT.

In the ordinary news from France there are few places which, next to Paris, are so frequently mentioned as Lorient, since those marine experiments that are now conducted on so large a scale by the French Government frequently take place there, and the statistics of this important seaport are amongst the most interesting of the French maritime service.

Lorient is, in fact, a fortified naval stronghold at the head of the Bay of St. Louis, an arm of the Atlantic, and at the mouth of the little river Scorff, near its confluence with the Polavet, the two streams uniting to form the deep basin of the harbour, which serves as a place of refuge against the dangers of the Gulf de Gascogne for the vessels of Bordeaux, Nantes, St. Malo, and Havre. The town is well built enough, and its streets are regular, broad, and well paved; but to the ordinary dullness of all naval stations of a fortified character Lorient adds a monotony of its own, which has about it something awfully gloomy and depressing for those who cannot concentrate their entire interest on stone ramparts, shipping, and dockyard works.

As a port, however, it is large, safe, and commodious; qualifications which are more essential, under the circumstances, than gaiety and lightness of appearance; while the naval establishment for building and equipping ships of war is, perhaps, more complete than any other in France. The dockyard has slips for about thirty vessels. The manufactures of the town have, somehow, a very direct association with French Government shipping, for they consist principally of hats, linen, and gold-lace, in the production of which articles *de luxe* a large proportion of the 24,000 inhabitants are employed.

Lorient was but a spot where a few magazines and temporary fortifications had been erected as coast defences in the early part of the seventeenth century, when the French India Company, reconstituted by letters patent of Louis XIV. in May, 1664, "selected this point, so favourable to maritime commerce, as a dépôt which might eventually become a western Tyne or Breton Venice. From this circumstance it has been supposed that the place received its name of Lorient, or, more properly, L'Orient; but more able philologists declare that its name is of earlier date, being, in fact, a corruption of *Loc-roc-Yan*, a Breton name, which literally means *the place of the rock of John*. This is explained by a manuscript furnished by the charter-keeper of the Capucines of Morlaix to the directors of the company, and which contains the following passage:—"Le Sire de Meriadec vaillat et octroyat en appanage a Jehan ou Yan, son juveuier, un lieu où il assist un chasteil sur un rocher joute près la rivière du scorff leuel chasteil eut mon Roch Yan." From this origin was derived the family of Rohan, which has since held so prominent a position in French history; and the name of *Loc-roc-Yan* has, perhaps by some recognition of the eastern dépôt, been perverted to the modern pronunciation of Lorient.

The feudatory castle bestowed upon the tenant who gave his name to the place may still be traced in a few ruinous remains upon the beautifully-wooded height where the company, in 1750, constructed a look-out tower, which is yet a striking object in the midst of the modern arsenal. Before this date, however, the town had been fortified, and was celebrated as the scene of the annual sales of Indian and Chinese commodities; but, during the subsequent wars of the Revolution, both its commerce and population declined, until it was re-established, after the Peace of 1815, and not only recommenced its former activity but grew into importance as one of the principal, if not the principal, Government arsenals and naval dockyards in France.

Altogether, Lorient is a thriving place, with manufactories, schools, and Government offices enough to compensate for the stern and uncompromising aspect to which we have before referred; and the improvements which are carried out there are of the greatest interest to all parties engaged in naval architecture and the science of fortification. Experiments have been recently conducted there with the electric lights, of which an account was published in our last week's Number.

THREE THOUSAND GUINEAS have, it is said, been refused for Wild Aquets, and 5000 guineas have been offered for Blair Athol by the French Government.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

THE Royal English Opera at Covent Garden begins on Saturday, the 15th, with "Masaniello;" continues on Tuesday, the 18th, with "Martha;" and starts afresh on Tuesday, the 25th, with its first new work—Mr. Macfarren's "Helyellyn." In the cast of "Masaniello" the most noticeable thing is the assignment of the part of the hero to Mr. Charles Adams, who is advertised as "principal tenor from the Theatre Royal, Berlin."

Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison have not yet issued their prospectus of the "Royal English Opera" which they propose to establish at Her Majesty's Theatre. If the name be worth anything, we suppose it belongs to them; but both Operas will be "English," inasmuch as the works produced at both will be sung (more or less) in the English language; and both will be "Royal" if for both of them Royal patronage can be secured. It may be further predicted that both will not succeed; but as to which will be the first to fail, it would be unsafe to prophesy.

Mr. Alfred Mellon's excellent concerts are drawing to a close. Indeed, the last of the series takes place this (Saturday) evening, when the performances are for Mr. Mellon's benefit. During the last fortnight the solo-playing of M. Bottesini has formed one of the special attractions of these entertainments. The celebrated violoncellist and contrabassist had not been heard for some years before in London, and his reappearance was hailed with the greatest enthusiasm by a host of admirers. Every one who knows M. Bottesini's style of execution is aware that he plays the double-bass as if it were the violoncello, and the violoncello as if it were the violin. Consequently, he plays the double-bass as if it were the violin. The agile and sportive manner in which this artist executes elaborate fantasias on the most unlikely of all instruments for fantasia-playing is truly remarkable. The variations on the "Carnival of Venice" came from the massive cable-like strings of his ponderous elephantine instrument almost as neatly and fluently as from the brilliant, birdlike voice of Mlle. Carlotta Patti.

At Mr. Mellon's concerts the three great soloists—Patti, Parepa, and Bottesini—are all Italians, or, at least, of Italian or semi-Italian origin. At M. Jullien's concerts not one of the soloists is an Italian. Thus, M. Lotto is a Pole, Mlle. de Beauvoisin is French, Mlle. Liebhart is German, and Ali-Ben-Jen-Kins of no assignable nationality whatever. But it is the Scandinavian element which is, above all, conspicuous just now at Her Majesty's Theatre; M. Jullien having engaged not only a full military band to represent the Danish Army, but also four rustics to give us some slight idea as to what the Danish peasantry are like, and a more complete one as to the airs they are in the habit of singing. Lotto and Ali-Ben-Jen-Kins are the best of M. Jullien's soloists, while the worst of all his performers is a male Danish peasant, who, we suppose, is intended as a foil to set off the questionable talent, grace, and beauty of his three female companions. As we have reason to believe that none of the Danish singers read the *Illustrated Times*, we shall not hurt their feelings by giving it as our candid opinion that they can't sing. The man sings even worse than the women, and is less intelligent and less lively than they are. This superiority of the woman to the man exists, we believe, among the labouring classes of most European nations. For that reason, perhaps, we are not astonished to read in legends that Prince So-and-So fell in love with and married a shepherdess; while, on the other hand, no one could possibly imagine a Princess becoming enamoured of a shepherd. Not that our Danish friend is a shepherd, though he has decidedly a sheepish look. We believe him to be one of those agriculturists who would be "too happy" if they only knew what advantages they enjoyed. The peasant of Virgil's time, however, never had the advantage of appearing at promenade concerts and of being applauded by the public (and, doubtless, well paid by the manager) for his inability to sing. The Danish peasant whom we had the pleasure of hearing the other night at Jullien's concerts (and whom we hope to have the still greater pleasure of never hearing again) is, indeed, "too happy" by a great deal.

M. Jullien has, it is true, distinctly stated that his Danish peasants have no pretension to be regarded as singers. Why, then, he may be asked, does he let them come before the public and sing? We have agricultural labourers at home who have no pretension to be regarded as singers, and who can't sing. Is it for the sake of the costume (not very picturesque after all) that the unvoiced Danish peasants have been engaged? and is not the whole exhibition (which ends with a species of dance, like a burlesque-song at the Strand) much more worthy of a music-hall than of Her Majesty's Theatre? The Danish songs, in themselves, are interesting enough. The best of them, however—played very vigorously by the band (with variations for the principal instruments) and afterwards repeated by the peasant-singers who can't sing—is not a national air, but a very good air by a modern Danish composer.

It was once announced that Mde. Thiers, mother of the Minister of that name, kept a table-d'hôte at such-and-such a place. It was not given to every one to dine with the celebrated statesman, but the table of the celebrated statesman's mother was open to all comers. After the same fashion, Signora Luigia Garibaldi (sister of the General of that name) now appears before the public as a concert-singer; and those who have no chance of obtaining an audience from the illustrious Giuseppe, may acquire the right of giving audience to Signora Luigia on very moderate terms. Signora Garibaldi has, of course, as much right to sing as Signor Garibaldi has to fight; but, as it does not suffice for a soldier's reputation to be the brother of a celebrated singer, so it is not enough for the reputation of a singer to be the sister of a distinguished patriot and warrior. Mde. Garibaldi's company sang for the first time in England last Saturday at the Crystal Palace. The corps is composed of the chief, of Mmes. Vaschetti and Veralli, and of MM. Agretti and Bertani. The pieces performed were selected exclusively from modern Italian opera, with the exception (if exception it be) of the tenor's air from "Martha," which is at least as much Italian as it is anything else. Signora Garibaldi, who has a mezzo-soprano voice of good quality (especially in the lower region), sang the grand air from Mercadante's "Giuramento," so much admired by the Italians, but which has never become naturalised—indeed, has scarcely been received with common hospitality—in England. Her second piece was the "O mio Fernando" of "La Favorita." The tenor, Signor Agretti, sang Flotow's romance, "M'Appari," with a great deal of ultra-sentimental expression, which would, doubtless, have touched the heart of his Martha, had any such personage been present, but which was quite lost upon the audience. The same vocalist afterwards favoured the public with the air from Mercadante's "Bravo," delivering it in a very brigand-like style. The other members of the little Garibaldian troop are the soprano, Mesdames Veralli and Vaschetti; and the baritone, Signor Bertani. The band of the "Italian Unity" attended in honour of the occasion, and performed a series of pieces in an orderly and harmonious manner.

TERRIBLE AND FATAL GUNPOWDER EXPLOSION AT ST. PETERSBURG. A fearful catastrophe has taken place near St. Petersburg, a portion of the great powder-mill of Ochta, a suburb of that city, having exploded. The noise of the explosion was terrible and its effect very disastrous. About thirty buildings have been destroyed. A considerable number have also been set on fire, and about eighty have been injured. Six workmen were killed, more than fifty wounded, some seriously, and no trace whatever could be found of three others. The country around has more or less suffered from the shock, and all the window panes of the Convent of Smolnes, on the other side of the Neva, were smashed.

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THE BOYS' HOME INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS for Destitute Boys not Convicted of Crime. President, the LORD BISHOP of LONDON, 44 and 46, Euston-road (near King's-cross), N.W., and Church Farm, East Ham, Herts. CONTRIBUTIONS to enable the Boys to enjoy a day at the Seaside, are earnestly REQUESTED.
GEORGE WILLIAM BELL, Hon. Secretary.
No. 44, Euston-road, N.W.

ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL, Gray's-inn-road, in the immediate vicinity of the Great Northern Railway. Terminus at King's-cross.
The Committee earnestly solicit the ASSISTANCE from the benevolent, as the premises of this Hospital are capable of containing several hundred more beds than the Committee the requisite funds to maintain the same.
Contributions are received by the Treasurer, Edward Macternan Esq., Nicholas-lane; and at the Hospital, from Ten till Five.
STANFORD S. SMITH, Sec.

THE LONDON FEVER HOSPITAL.—The Committee are compelled to APPEAL most earnestly for immediate aid to enable them to carry out the objects of the Hospital. Subscriptions or donations will be most thankfully received by J. C. Dimdale, Esq., Treasurer, 50, Cornhill; and by the Secretary, at the Hospital, Liverpool-road, N.
J. T. SPARKS, Secretary.

GOUT or RHEUMATISM is quickly relieved, and cured in a few days, by that celebrated Medicine BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS. They require neither restraint of diet nor confinement during their use. Sold at 1s. 14d. and 2s. 9d. per box by all Medicine Vendors.

CITY OF LONDON HOSPITAL FOR DISEASES of the CHEST, Victoria Park.—FUNDS are now urgently required for the completion of the new wing and towards meeting the current expenses. The patients are especially numerous at this season, and the resources of the Charity are entirely exhausted.
The Committee earnestly APPEAL for ASSISTANCE.
Bankers—Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, and Co., Lombard-street.
Secretaries—The Hon. J. W. PERCY, and RICHARD P. SLATER, Esq.

SALVEO PEDES.—TENDER FEET. A more remedy is ANGUS SLEIGHT'S Salveo Pedes.
Sold by Chemists, Patent Medicine Vendors and Perfumers, in half-bottles, 1s. 6d. and bottles 2s. 6d. each, Wholesale, 13, Little Britain, E.C.

£1000 IN CASE OF DEATH, or an Allowance of £4 per week while laid up by, or injury caused by, ACCIDENT OF ANY KIND, whether Walking, Riding, Driving, Hunting, Shooting, Fishing, or at Home, may be secured by an annual payment of £4 to the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY. For particulars apply to the Offices, 10, Regent-street; and 64, Cornhill.
WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

PIANOFORTES EXTRAORDINARY, at MOORE and MOORE'S, 101, Bishopsgate-street within. These Pianos are of rare excellence, with the best instruments recently applied, which effect a grand, a pure and delightful quality of tone that stands unrivalled. Prices from Eighteen Guineas. First-class pianos for hire, on easy terms of purchase. Jury award at International Exhibition: Honourable mention "for good and cheap pianos." Carriage-free.

PIANOS FOR HIRE.—CARRIAGE-FREE. Option of Purchase, convenient sums at any period. The largest assortment in London of every description and price. PEACHEY, Makers, 73, Bishopsgate-street within, E.C.

ADAM and CO.'S DINNER SERVICES, of stone china, 108 pieces, £1 2s. Several hundred services always on view; table glasses of every description; glass chandeliers, £33s. Parties may furnish from the largest stock in London, at a saving of 20 per cent.—87, Oxford-street (near Regent-circuit).

GASELINES in Crystal, Glass, Ormolu, or Bronze.—Medieval Fittings, &c. A large assortment always on view. Every article marked in plain figures.—D. HULKETT and CO., Manufacturers, 55 and 56, High Holborn, W.C.

BRANDY.—The Best, the Cheapest, and most wholesome in the World.—Cognac, 15s. per gal.; 1 doz., 33s. Champagne, 18s. per gal.; 1 doz., 35s. This splendid Brandy cannot be equalled. Best London Glass full strength, 13s. per gal.; 1 doz., 28s. The above prices per doz. include railway carriage.—G. PHILLIPS and CO., Distillers, Holborn-hill, London.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY v. COGNAC BRANDY.—This celebrated Old Irish Whisky rivals the finest French Brandy. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome. Sold in bottle, 3s. 8d. each, at most of the respectable retail houses in London; by the appointed agents in the principal towns in England, or wholesale, at 8, Great Windmill-street, London, W.—Observe the red seal, pink label, and branded cork. "Kinahan's LL Whisky."

ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE.—The MARCH BREWINGS of the above ALE are now being supplied in the finest condition, in bottles and in casks, by FINEARTS, MACKIE, TODD, and CO., at their New London Bridge Store, London Bridge, S.E.

MORSON'S PEPSINE WINE is a perfectly palatable form for administering this popular remedy for weak digestion. Manufactured by T. Morson and Son, 19 and 40, Southampton-row, Russell-square, W.C. In bottles, at 3s. 5d. and 10s. each. Pepsine Lozenges in Boxes, at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. each.

TONIC BITTERS.—WATERS' QUININE WINE, the most palatable and wholesome Bitter in existence; an efficient Tonic, an unequalled Stomachic and a gentle Stimulant. Sold by Grocers, Italian Warehousemen, Vine Merchants, Confectioners, and others, at 3s. a dozen. Manufactured by ROBERT WATERS, 2, Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, London. Wholesale Agents—E. Lewis and Co., Worcester.

COVERS for FAMILY JARS, or JARS and Covers complete, for Preserves, Pickles, &c. Illustrations and prices from GEORGE JENNINGS, Palace-road Wharf, Lambeth. Sample cap sent free for four stamps.

THE NEW FILTER.—Dr. FORBES says: "Mr. LIPSCOMB'S PATENT NEW FILTER is the only known method by which lead and lime are removed from drinking water. It is, therefore, a most valuable invention." Can only be had at Mr. Lipscomb's Filter Office, 233, Strand (three doors from Temple-bar). Prospectus free.

THOMAS'S Patent SEWING-MACHINES, for Private Family use, Dressmaking, &c. They will Hem, Bind, and Gather, Tuck, and do all the usual work of a Sewing Machine. The Work may be had on application to W. F. Thomas and Co., 66, Newgate-street; and Regent-circuit, Oxford-street.

CAUTION.—COCKS'S CELEBRATED READING SAUCE, for Fish, Game, Stews, Soups, Gravies, &c. and Cold Meats, and univalued in all the delicacies of the table, is manufactured only by the executors of the sole proprietor, Charles Cocks, 6, Duke's-road, Reading, the Original Sauce Warehouse. All others are spurious imitations.

FREE EMIGRATION to AUCKLAND, New Zealand.—The Government of New Zealand are prepared to GRANT FREE PASSAGES to eligible AGRICULTURAL and GENERAL LABOURERS, Mechanics, Miners, &c. Application for schedules and other information to be made at the office of the Government Agency, between the hours of 11 and 4 daily, 3 Adelaide-place, London Bridge, London.
WM. S. GRAMMAR, New Zealand Government Emigration Board.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—MISDEAPS. For curing accidental lumps this Ointment surpasses every liniment, lotion or embrocation. It immediately soothes the irritated nerves, prevents the blood unduly flowing to the seat of injury, thus fully guarding against inflammation and the formation of abscesses.

LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.—During the LIFEBOATS of the Past Year the Board of the NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION SAVED 417 PERSONS from different wrecks on our Coast. The Committee of the Institution earnestly APPEAL to the public for ASSISTANCE to enable them to meet the demands on the Institution's 152 Life-boat Establishments. Contributions are received by Messrs. Willis and Co., Coutts and Co., Messrs. and Co., and by all the London and country bankers; and by the Secretary, RICHARD LEWIS, at the Institution 10, John-street, Adelphi.

BRITISH ORPHAN ASYLUM, Mackenzie Park, Slough, Bucks (formerly at Clapham Blue). Instituted 1827.
Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.
For the gratuitous Maintenance, Clothing, and Education of Orphan Children from all parts of the British Empire whose parents have been reduced from poverty to necessitous circumstances. List of subscribers and forms for nominating candidates, with any further information, may be obtained on application to the Secretary, either personally or by letter.

Annual subscription for the use of patients whose friends are in a position to pay one guinea a week towards their maintenance, or whose illness is upwards of twelve months' duration. Donations, of whatever amount, will be most thankfully received by the Treasurer, or by the undersigned.
JAMES FULLER, Secretary.
Old-street, London, E.C., February, 1864.

ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL FOR LUNATICS Established A.D. 1781.
President—THE LORD OVERSTONE.
Treasurer—Henry Francis Shaw Lever, Esq.
The Committee earnestly appeal to the public to continue their support to this most useful institution.

A few beds have been allotted for the use of patients whose friends are in a position to pay one guinea a week towards their maintenance, or whose illness is upwards of twelve months' duration. Donations, of whatever amount, will be most thankfully received by the Treasurer, or by the undersigned.
JAMES FULLER, Secretary.
Old-street, London, E.C., February, 1864.

METROPOLITAN CONVALESCENT INSTITUTION.
President—His Grace the Duke of Wellington.
Treasurer—Russell Gurney, Esq., Q.C.; Major W. Lyon.
Chairman—The Hon. J. W. PERCY.
Funds earnestly requested for maintaining the increased number of beds. Office, 52, Beakwell-street, Piccadilly.
Bankers—London Joint-Stock Bank